

SELECTIONS
FROM
THE WRITINGS
OF
MRS. MARGARET M. DAVIDSON,
THE MOTHER OF
LUCRETIA MARIA AND MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.
WITH A PREFACE,
BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA & BLANCHARD.

1843.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by
LEA & BLANCHARD,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

It can hardly be said that the author of the following pages appears for the first time before the public; yet, with the diffidence natural to a recluse and delicate woman, she shrinks from appearing alone, and wishes to be announced by one, who would do even an humbler office for her with respect and pleasure, and for whom the reading world has lost some of its terrors by familiarity.

There are persons on both sides of the Atlantic, who feel a deep interest in the mother of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson; many have manifested an unusual sympathy in her joys and sorrows, and some have expressed a curiosity to know more of the mind whose holiest and brightest emanations were infused into those rare sisters, who seem hardly to have touched our world on their passage to Heaven. But the gratification of their curiosity is not the motive to the publication of these pages, though it may be incidental to it. The mother's life has been in companionship with her children, and she is now tempted from her seclusion that she may still be associated with them,—go forth with them on their mental pilgrimage, and for their sakes, it may be, be welcomed to many kindred hearts.

C. M. SEDGWICK.

DEDICATION.

TO

MY MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND, MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

DEAR MADAM:—

As a testimony of my grateful remembrance of the friendship with which, in life, you honoured my sainted Margaret, and the interest you have ever manifested in the “Remains” of both my lamented daughters, I beg leave to inscribe to you this humble volume. By permitting me to do so, dear and honoured Lady, you will add another link to the chain of favours which your kind and disinterested heart has awarded to your

Very sincere friend and admirer,

MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE been induced to publish the following extracts to gratify the wishes of dear and partial friends, and, I will frankly confess, a secret desire of my own, until of late scarcely acknowledged by myself, to follow in the train of my beloved children, and maintain, while I live, that close companionship with their minds, which has hitherto formed the chief happiness of my life:—these motives impel me onward.

The story of the Stanley family is a simple narrative of facts, which occurred in 1814; the names only are fictitious. Every person who has read the remains of my daughter Margaret, by Irving, will recognize in Mrs. Stanley the original of Mrs. Men-traville in the unfinished romance, the characters of which were drawn from real life, although the tale is a fiction interwoven with many circumstances which actually took place at different periods of time. Dear to my heart, and deeply cherished there, is the remembrance of every individual connected with the events I am about to relate. The detail requires more firmness and self-command than I at all times possess, and calls up a host of sweet and bitter memories which nearly unfits me for my task. Dear and beloved beings! with whom my very heart of hearts was entwined; they have long since burst asunder the ties which bound them to life, and soared to join that angelic band, in that wide field of intellectual im-

provement, to which their young hearts, while still on earth, so ardently aspired.

The six books of *Fingal* are the fruits of an odd whim of mine, to while away time, when languishing under a distressing illness in 1827—which confined me to the sick room and bed for more than eighteen months. On my recovery it was rescued from the flames by the intercession of a friend, and consigned to my common-place book, from whence it is now withdrawn by the same magic influence, to make its way in the world in company with the fugitive poems, with which it has so long held companionship. It is with diffidence I venture to appear before the public. I do not—I cannot anticipate the same warmth of feeling—the unqualified approbation with which the remains of my lamented daughters were welcomed. I only hope, as their mother, to escape the severe ordeal of the critic;—although sanguine in this hope, tremblingly I venture forth.

M. M. D.

CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFACE - - - - -	v
DEDICATION - - - - -	vii
INTRODUCTION - - - - -	ix
EVENTS OF A FEW EVENTFUL DAYS IN 1814 - - -	17
RUTH - - - - -	89
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS - - - - -	115
Thus passeth the Glory of the World - - -	117
To my Daughter Margaret - - - - -	119
Easter Hymn - - - - -	120
Paraphrase from Job, chap. 17th - - - - -	121
“I ascend unto my Father and your Father, my God and your God” - - - - -	122
To Mrs. ——— - - - - -	124
Lines on my Daughter Margaret - - - - -	126
The Vanity of Worldly Pleasure - - - - -	126
Paraphrase from 19th Job - - - - -	128
Lines on the Death of L. M. D. - - - - -	130
Lines on Receiving a Bouquet - - - - -	131
Lines to ——— - - - - -	132
Paraphrase of Psalm 55th - - - - -	133
Lines to Miss B ——— - - - - -	136
To Caroline - - - - -	137
To my Daughter Margaret - - - - -	139
A Tribute to Mrs. ——— - - - - -	139
To Mrs. ——— - - - - -	141
Parting Address to a Son - - - - -	143
To my Friend, Mrs. ——— - - - - -	144

Lines on my Daughter Margaret's Tenth Birth-Day	-	145
Impromptu	- - - - -	146
Lines on Leaving Home	- - - - -	147
To my Daughter, Mrs. A. E. T.	- - - - -	148
The Lament	- - - - -	149
Christmas Hymn	- - - - -	151
FINGAL.—Book I.	- - - - -	157
“ “ II.	- - - - -	181
“ “ III.	- - - - -	201
“ “ IV.	- - - - -	222
“ “ V.	- - - - -	239
“ “ VI.	- - - - -	256

EVENTS OF A FEW EVENTFUL DAYS.



THE EVENTS

OF A

FEW EVENTFUL DAYS IN 1814.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT the last of August, 1814, General Brisbane, the British commander, encamped with the advance guard of the enemy on the north side of the great Chazy. Sir George Provost following with all his combined forces, amounting to 15,000 well disciplined troops, on the first of September threw himself into the little village of Champlain. Immediately on his arrival there, he endeavoured to disaffect the minds of the inhabitants towards their own government, and draw them over to the enemy; failing in this, he proceeded to impress wagons and teams in the vicinity, for the purpose of transporting their baggage and military stores. From these movements, General Macomb, the American commander, was convinced that an attack was speedily meditated upon Plattsburgh. General Macomb had just returned from the lines, where he had commanded a fine brigade which was broken up by the march of General Izard, to the assistance of General Brown at Sackett's Harbor; this

movement left the northern frontier comparatively defenceless; at least weak-handed, for our brave officers and men were resolved neither to know weakness or danger while the safety of that post was at hazard. Four companies of organized troops were all that remained to defend the post of Plattsburgh. The garrison was chiefly composed of recruits and invalids; every thing was in confusion from the sudden march of General Izard. Our brave commander had much upon his hands. The works were not even in a state of defence, and fifteen hundred men were all he could command to compete with as many thousands. In order to stimulate his men to industry, and give them an interest in completing the works, General Macomb divided them into parties, placing them near the several forts; declaring, in general orders, that each detachment should garrison the fort at which they laboured, and the men were bound to defend it with their lives. This view of the subject awakened all their enthusiasm; they worked day and night, and swore to conquer or die.* The deliberation with which the enemy advanced gave time for the necessary preparations; and the activity

* The above statement I received from General Macomb himself, who also remarked, that the patriotism manifested by his officers and soldiers to a man on that occasion, had for ever riveted his esteem. He said that when they threw themselves into that fort, he told them they were to defend or perish with it, and that if there was a man there who was not willing to make this sacrifice for the general good he was at liberty to leave the regiment; that his own determination was to sustain the siege, or blow up the fort with all its military stores:—not a man moved to go,—they were unanimous in the high resolve to conquer or die. General Macomb related these circumstances to me a few weeks after the battle. The tears of a soldier filled his eyes as he spoke of the magnanimity of his officers and men.

and zeal of our officers and men, placed matters in a tolerable state of defence when the enemy made his descent upon the place. The enemy was expected in two columns, one by the way of the Lake, crossing Dead-Creek, where an advanced guard with arms and a fieldpiece had been stationed, in order to skirmish with, and annoy them in every possible way. The other column was on the western or Beekmantown road, and from the fourth inst. until the eleventh, there was constant skirmishing between the British advance guards and our militia and Vermont volunteers, which caused great alarm in the minds of the peaceable inhabitants. I will not here attempt a regular description of the movements of the contending armies; I merely wish the reader to understand their relative position, that he may the more readily comprehend the situation of those who were engaged in the scenes I am about to relate. My notes fail me with regard to the exact date of the general alarm throughout the village. According to the best of my recollection, however, the town was deserted by the inhabitants on or about the fourth of September, 1814.

CHAPTER II.

It was a lovely day, and notwithstanding the warlike preparations I have described above, all nature wore the aspect of peace and tranquillity. The rich foliage of the landscape was in full beauty; the early

autumn shrubbery seemed the very perfection of nature. The river Saranac was winding its serpentine course between the banks, (on each side of which, the little village of Plattsburgh rose in picturesque beauty,) and as it fell, sparkling and foaming over the mill-dam, pursued its devious way under the bridge and gently rolled along to pour its waters into the beautiful Bay of Cumberland, which stretched before the eye in the distance. The waves of the lake were laving the variegated shrubbery which adorned its banks. The beautiful islands were peacefully reclining upon its bosom, and the blue mountains rising in grand succession beyond, lent a degree of sublimity to the scene.

The fleet of M'Donough, moored within the Bay, was gallantly riding at anchor, as if in the proud consciousness of coming victory, yet, evincing in its calm and graceful outline, no preparation for the scene of carnage which was so soon to deface its loveliness; all was peace and serenity in the landscape, forming altogether a picture of inimitable grandeur and beauty, and a striking contrast to the agitation which marked the countenance of a lady, who was seated at the little parlour window of a pleasant but unpretending mansion, which looked out upon the scenery I have attempted to describe. There sat the young mourner, communing with her own heart, which laboured with painful forebodings as to the issue of the engagement, which, it was anticipated, would soon take place between the contending armies, and at the same time watching with all a mother's fondness the gambols of her only remaining son, a child of three years old, and a pet dog, who were playing

on the grass under the shade of the tall poplars which grew near the window. She was very pale, and her face bore the marks of deep mental suffering; her wasted frame told that pain and sorrow had made deep ravages upon her naturally delicate constitution. She seemed in deep meditation, and frequently brushed the tear-drop from her eye, with the obvious resolution to suppress her emotions. The child, at length wearied with the vain effort to harness *Fidèle* in a little chair, which he substituted for a carriage, sprang upon the piazza and jumping on the seat under the window, seized his mother affectionately around the neck: "Oh! don't cry, mamma—you promised papa you would not cry any more for dear little brother Oliver. Oh mamma! he is an angel in heaven now—up in that bright beautiful heaven—don't cry any more—(and the sweet child wiped the tears from her pale cheek with the corner of his little white apron)—we will soon go to that beautiful place to see him. Sister Anna says he can't come back to us. I am glad that naughty bonny-horse did not kill mamma too;" and again he wound his little arms around her neck and covered her with kisses. At that moment a man on horseback dashed furiously along, passing over the bridge to the cantonment. In a few moments all seemed bustle and confusion in the streets. Mrs. Stanley watched with a beating heart the movements she could not understand, yet apprehending they were in some way connected with the expected invasion, when all at once her two little daughters came flying in.

"Oh mamma! the British! the British are coming! our teacher said so, and told us to hasten home to our

parents before the streets were in confusion; she kept Louisa and I with her until she was ready to go home, and came nearly home with us herself, fearing we might get hurt; and mamma," said Louisa, "you don't know how she cried and kissed us, and said she hoped God would bring us together again some time or other—but—look mamma! what are they doing over the river?" Mrs. Stanley saw at once from the general commotion that something unusual was going on—Anna and Louisa were old enough to remember the events of the preceding summer. They had not forgotten the horrors attending their flight, nor the desolation which awaited their return; their little hearts trembled:—they threw their arms around their mother's neck, weeping violently. Little Charles caught the contagion, and although he did not understand the cause of alarm, wept from sympathy. Mrs. Stanley was still feeble, not having perfectly recovered from injuries received when thrown from a carriage a few months before. She was aware that the safety of her little family, perhaps the life of her sick husband, depended upon her own firmness and good management. After putting up a silent prayer to that Being who had so marvellously protected, when instant and certain death seemed to menace her, that He would give her wisdom and strength and courage to support her in the coming emergency, she felt her mind composed, and although the weakest of the weak, was assured she should be sustained. "My sweet little girls," said she, "the time has now arrived, which is to prove the force and strength of the precepts I have tried to instil into your minds—you are both very young, but you *always understand*

mamma. I have, ever since reason began to dawn, treated you as friends and companions, not like babies or silly children—you must now prove yourselves worthy of your mother's confidence. War is a dreadful calamity; we must prepare to brave its dangers in common with our friends and neighbours, and to you, my children, I look for consolation and assistance in the coming trial: your dear father has been ill many weeks,—it is but two days since his fever left him. He is quite too feeble to bear agitation, and you must assist me to keep him composed. Remember, my dear daughters, that God is your Father and your Friend; his care is over you equally in war as in peace, in the camp of an enemy as in the arms of your parents;—his power is over all,—and he has promised to protect those who put their trust in him. I expect much from you, my daughters, and trust I shall not be disappointed. You, Anna, must make your little brother your own particular charge;—be as a mother to him on this occasion. The care of your father, indeed of every thing now devolves upon me—Louisa will assist us both,—you, dear Anna, will set the example, as you are the eldest.” The sweet babes, for babes they were, again kissed their proud fond mother, and drying their tears, promised to be all she desired. She told them to remain quietly in the parlour, while she went to Mr. S——’s to inquire the truth of the reports. Mr. S—— was their nearest neighbour, and the families had for many years been on terms of intimacy. There, she found all in the confusion of packing and moving: Mr. S—— had stepped out, and could not be found. On learning that Mrs. S—— and the young ladies had been gone an hour, she re-

turned as fast as her trembling limbs and palpitating heart would permit. Dr. Stanley had been several weeks confined to his bed with a fever,—his feeble wife had herself performed all the duties of nurse, scarcely leaving his bed-side a moment, night or day; herself just recovering from a long illness. Dr. Stanley's anxiety for the health of his wife had, no doubt, retarded his own recovery, and as he was now pronounced out of danger, he had urged her to let Cynthia sit with him while she went down stairs to inhale the fresh, healthy breezes from the river. She was thus seated in compliance with his request, when the circumstances we have named occurred. When Mrs. Stanley returned from the house of Mr. S—— it would be impossible to describe the feeling of helplessness and desolation which oppressed her heart. The preceding summer, when Plattsburgh was invaded by Murray, and her home despoiled of every comfort, she had a husband to protect herself and babes, in as far as his single arm could do it:—now, that beloved husband, enfeebled by a long illness, convalescent it is true, but so weak that he could scarcely bear his own weight, must look to her for support; and she, who until her marriage at the age of seventeen had leaned implicitly upon an only brother, and after that event, upon her husband with child like dependence in every emergency, what could she do? in her weak state, with her fractured limbs scarcely knit together—the bandages still in use, what could she do? “Oh! my God,” she mentally exclaimed, “preserve my senses—let not reason desert her throne!” then rushing into her own room, closed the door to prevent intrusion, and sank almost

exhausted into an easy-chair. A timely flood of tears relieved the pressure upon her heart and brain. As she poured out her soul to that Almighty Father in whom she trusted, she found her mind more composed. She besought him to give her strength to meet her approaching trials. She prayed for judgment to direct, grace to sustain her, and above all, for perfect submission to his holy will. Her spirit rose with the necessity of exertion, and with a mind fortified, and strengthened by communion with the High and Holy One, felt prepared to do all, and brave all for the safety of the precious charge committed to her care.

She entered her husband's room, and with as much caution as possible, communicated to him the state of affairs. He bore the tidings with more composure than she feared, and they hastened to decide upon the best possible arrangement for the safety of the family.

Mrs. Stanley proposed sending the children to Peru, with Cynthia, a faithful, good girl, who had lived some time in the family, and whose mother lived in Peru; she would take them directly to the house of her mother, where they would be safe, until the Doctor and Mrs. Stanley could join them, or until after the battle, and she (Mrs. Stanley) would remain with Polly, a little girl of fourteen, who was bound to the family by indentures, and take care of Dr. Stanley, who, his wife affirmed, was too feeble to use any exertions at present. Roused by this proposition to a sense of the danger and indignity to which his feeble and beloved wife would be exposed, the shock her nerves might sustain, from the scenes of carnage she must in that case witness, the insults to which she might be exposed from a lawless soldiery, and danger

from the shot of both armies, which were, as he supposed, to be stationed one in front, and the other in the rear of his own dwelling, as the cannon played across the river, he expostulated warmly against this plan, and in the midst of his excitement, rose from the bed quickly and unassisted. Mrs. Stanley, alarmed at this sudden accession of strength, which she knew must proceed from morbid excitement, dreaded, lest his exertions in leaving town might prove fatal to her hopes—became more anxious to remain, for every other misfortune seemed light, compared with the thought of losing her husband. She then proposed to transfer to the cellar the comforts they would require to sustain them until after the engagement. This plan was, in the opinion of Dr. Stanley, more preposterous than the first, and he said at once, it would not do: should she, by some miracle, suddenly become hardy enough to live and sleep in a cold, damp cellar for a week or two, (for there was no knowing how long the fort would hold out,) a burning firebrand thrown into the house by the Indians, or a hot shot from our own fort, might light a flame above them which would bury them in the ruins of their own dwelling. There was no time to be lost; the afternoon was wearing away. Dr. Stanley insisted on substituting his usual dress for his sick wrapper, in order to step about the room and try the measure of his strength. Mrs. Stanley ordered some light nourishment to be prepared to sustain him under this strong emotion, and tying on her hat, told him she would step out, and if possible engage teams to carry away their goods. As she passed the parlour door she stepped in to see how the little ones came on. She found them composed, yet watching with anxious

and wondering eyes the scene of bustle and confusion which was passing in the streets. They flew to her; a kiss and a look of approbation was their reward; telling them her errand out, she directed Cynthia to put up some changes for herself and the children, and then begin to pack the furniture as fast as possible; this done, she hastened out on her uncertain mission. The village now presented a scene of deep and thrilling interest. The small force which remained at Plattsburgh after Gen. Izard left for Sackett's Harbor, amounting, as I before said, to only fourteen hundred men, who were now to cope with as many thousands, had retired into the fort. Guards and sentinels were posted in the streets and environs of the village,—parties of volunteers and militia were constantly sallying forth in small bands, to harass the enemy, who had encamped at little Chazy, and by pulling down bridges, and throwing trees and other impediments to their march across the roads, so to annoy, as to delay their entrance until our brave commander should have time to make the best possible disposition of his handful of men, to meet a force so superior. Expresses were riding back and forth constantly; guns and bayonets were seen glittering in the sunbeams; all, every thing presenting a striking evidence of the state of excitement which prevailed throughout the village and camp. As Mrs. Stanley stepped out of the gate, she met her kind friend and neighbour Mr. S——, who came to inquire her plans. He knew Dr. Stanley was ill, and felt interested in the situation of this helpless little family, and as an intimacy subsisted between his wife and daughters and Mrs. Stanley, he felt he could hardly join *them* without being able to

give some account of *her* situation. Mrs. Stanley mentioned her fears for ~~her~~ her husband, and her plan of remaining in her own house. Mr. S—— confirmed all Dr. Stanley's apprehensions on the subject, and entreated her by all means not to delay leaving until the guard was set around the village. "My dear madam," said he, "there is no safety for you here; perhaps the first gun fired from our own fort may end your life." Thanking Mr. S—— for his kindness, she made as much expedition as possible, leaning upon the staff of her umbrella, for that support which she had been accustomed to receive from the protecting arm of a friend. She crossed the bridge, and entering the store of a merchant with whom her husband was in the habit of transacting business, asked his assistance in procuring wagons to send off their goods. He told her, it was impossible to obtain even a wheelbarrow, every thing was in requisition—and advised her to send to Peru. She wrote a note to a friend, desiring him to send a couple of large lumber wagons with all speed, feeling thankful that their own little pony was quietly feeding in the stable, ready to be put before the little pleasure wagon, any moment when the safety of the family should render it necessary for them to leave the place. As with a feeble step and almost breaking heart, poor Mrs. Stanley ascended the piazza, her children flew to her arms, and tears and smiles were her reward for her exertions to protect them. Never had they seemed so dear, so interesting as at that moment. They had all been busy, and had accomplished a great deal. Mrs. Stanley directed Cynthia to put up a large basket of provisions, wisely concluding that food might be scarce

in a little hamlet where so many hundreds were unexpectedly thrown upon the hospitality of the inhabitants. They were now ready, and Mrs. Stanley knew of no other way to send them but by procuring seats for them on one of the many loaded wagons which were constantly passing from Chazy and Cumberland-Head. She had hardly resolved upon this step, when she heard the sound of wagons; on hailing one of them, to her infinite relief, she found it to be the property of a respectable Quaker, whom she had often seen, and whose reputation she knew to be good. After some little hesitation, and the offer of a liberal reward, she procured seats for Cynthia, the children, *Fidele*, and the basket. They were to be taken immediately to the home of Cynthia, where Dr. and Mrs. Stanley were to join them as soon as the wagons came to take their household goods. The trial of parting with her children was almost too much for Mrs. Stanley. The fortune of war might separate them for ever; the poor little things wept, and entreated to stay until their parents went, but Mrs. S. knew it was her duty to remain until she had secured their property. She had been too great a sufferer on the preceding summer, not to perceive the necessity of this decision. It was uncertain when the teams would arrive, and it was important that the children should be removed to a place of safety as soon as possible. Under these circumstances she found it necessary to suppress her own feelings, cheering the little ones by the hope of a speedy reunion. After reminding them of their promises to be calm, and submit to the necessity of the case, she saw them comfortably

stowed away amid beds and boxes, and with an almost breaking heart returned to the now solitary parlour.

CHAPTER III.

A HEAVY load was now removed from the mind of Mrs. Stanley. Her children, she trusted, were safe under the care of the kind old woman to whom she had consigned them, and her heart was filled with gratitude to that all-gracious Being who had thus far prospered her exertions for their safety. Deep, and all absorbing anxiety for the health, and perhaps life of their father, had now taken possession of her mind: a relapse might be fatal; in this emergency, every thing depended upon herself. As the importance of the charge pressed upon her mind it almost overpowered her. Again she commended herself and her dear ones to the care of her Almighty Father, and again her spirit rose to meet the exigencies of her situation. As the shades of evening descended, the scene assumed a deeper interest. The rumbling of carriages, the tramp of horses, the running and confusion of foot passengers, the deep hoarse tones of the sentinel, as the anxious "who comes there?" floated on the evening breeze, the portentous roll of the drum as it beat tattoo, all sunk upon the heart of that lone one, and reminded her of the weighty responsibilities which rested upon her. After urging him to take a cup of tea, her first care was to get her

husband quietly in bed for the night, fearing the effect which the fatigue and anxiety of this eventful day might have upon his feeble frame. By kind care and good nursing she hoped to prepare him for the duties of the morrow. This done, their own simple tea despatched, with the aid of Polly she set herself to complete the packing, ready for the wagons, which were expected at midnight. Her exertions were indeed almost superhuman: that was truly a night of dreadful anxiety. Oh! how her heart beat as the couriers galloped by, and with stentorian voices proclaimed the position of the enemy. The preparations within the cantonment continued all night: *there* all seemed bustle—lights flying in every direction in the village gave notice of some unusual event, while the distant voice of the sentinel hailing some passing passenger, rang upon the midnight air, like echoes of fearful presage. At daybreak the wagons came, and the heart of the anxious parent was relieved by hearing of the safe arrival of her loved ones at their place of destination. With a weight removed from her heart, Mrs. Stanley was hastening to her husband's room to communicate the intelligence, when to her utter astonishment, there he stood, *dressed*—looking pale, but animated; with a firm step he advanced to greet his amazed wife.—“My dear, dear husband,” said she, much agitated, “why will you exert yourself in this way? this strength cannot be real; I have serious apprehensions as to the effect of this excitement upon you, weak as you now are.”—Her pale and care-worn features alarmed him; he assured her the excitement caused by the approach of the enemy, was the very thing necessary for his re-

storation—it was the best thing that could have happened to him—he was restored—“but oh! Margaret,” said he, “I fear you are ill! you look so pale and languid!” When told she had not been in bed during the night, he was shocked and alarmed lest such excessive fatigue should entirely exhaust her delicate frame. “My dear wife, you must dismiss this anxiety from your mind; be not alarmed for me; I only required something to rouse me to action, and you see I am well! I shall go after breakfast to Peru, (unless I hear intelligence which will render it necessary to take you with me,) and engage rooms for our reception. Should I neglect to do so, it is very possible our situation may be uncomfortable there, as so many people are crowding into that little place at once and without warning.” Mrs. Stanley trembled with apprehension; she knew this sudden change was unnatural, yet what could she do? “I must risk the consequences,” said she, as he went out of the street door. In a few minutes he returned, saying the British were still encamped at Chazy—their movements could only be conjectured; he however did not apprehend an immediate attack—they certainly would not move until to-morrow—he would mount his horse, ride to Peru, secure comfortable apartments, and bring her tidings of the children. The morning was fine, his resolution taken, and she yielded a reluctant consent. To be left alone at this juncture was dreadful! With a quivering lip and tearful eye she bade him farewell, after receiving his promise to return by two o’clock in the afternoon. When the little gate closed upon him, the desolation of her feelings beggared all description. She threw herself into

a chair, and her overcharged heart found relief in a flood of tears; she wept long and violently; her memory reverted to the days of her childhood and youth, when she was the pride and hope of a widowed mother's heart, when every rational wish was gratified the moment it escaped her lips, and the slightest indication of pain or distress was soothed by that mother's fond caress. Now! she was alone—that dear, that honoured mother slept in the silent grave. Her own health had received a severe shock, and now desolate, though she trusted not friendless, she was trembling for the life of her husband. His instantaneous recovery could not be real; there was a quickness of motion, a strange wildness in the flash of his eye, which to her alarmed imagination betokened the existence of fever. Where would it end? or what could it be? she thought of delirium from an over-heated brain. A relapse after so much fatigue and anxiety must prove fatal! She had parted from her children; true, she expected to join them at evening, but how many circumstances might arise to separate them for ever! the thought was agonizing! She arose and paced the room in a state of mind not easy to be described; another flood of tears came to her relief—she remembered the many dangers through which she had been preserved, and her confidence in *Him* who had hitherto sustained her, returned. She once more commended her husband and her babes to *His* care, and felt happy in the consciousness that she had a Friend at the helm, who could guide her little barque in safety through this perilous sea. She resolved she would not again suffer herself to be so depressed, but would seek in active employment an

antidote for her distress and anxiety. While engaged in some domestic arrangements, a knock at the door startled her. A knock at the door was a common occurrence, yet at that time it was unexpected. She came down stairs as fast as her weak limbs would permit, and on opening the door, was surprised and delighted at the sight of a young friend from camp, an officer under Gen. Macomb; his surprise at finding her still in town was only equalled by his fears for her safety. He urged upon her the necessity of despatch, and on inquiring for his little favourites, was rejoiced to learn they were safe in Peru. "You have been wise in this, my dear madam, and I hope the *gude man* will return soon and in safety." Mrs. Stanley urged him to come in, but he refused to dismount. The officers, by strict orders were confined within the camp; he, anxious for the safety of Dr. Stanley's family, had not asked the boon which he knew would be denied, but had stolen a few moments when he thought himself unobserved, and rode across the bridge with all speed to ascertain the situation of his friends; fearing, as he did, that the first gun fired might prove fatal to some of the family, he could not rest until he knew they were gone; he entreated Mrs. Stanley to lose no time, then extending his hand, bade her farewell with the tone and air of a man who feels he is taking his leave of friends he may never meet again. Mrs. Stanley watched his receding form as he rode out of the yard, and put up a silent and heartfelt prayer that the God of battles would protect him. While standing at the door, a low peal of thunder alarmed her; she turned to observe the sky; to her surprise (for the morning was

beautiful), it was now overspread, and a black thunder-cloud was rapidly rising. Oh! where was Dr. Stanley? was he in the woods? or had he not left Peru on his return? The storm rose rapidly as if to bid defiance to the approaching enemy—near, and more near the thunder rolled, and the livid lightning streamed along the heavens. At that moment a flash, followed instantly by a tremendous crash, so shocked the nerves of the lonely sufferer, that she sunk powerless from her chair; the poor frightened girl threw a glass of water in her face, and bathed her hands and temples in cold water; returning consciousness soon rewarded her exertions. Mrs. Stanley had not yet entirely recovered from this shock, when a man on horseback rode furiously into the yard inquiring for Dr. Stanley—a neighbouring physician had been struck by the same flash which prostrated Mrs. Stanley, but not like her did he revive—poor man! he was perfectly paralyzed, and for several weeks his life was in jeopardy. I repeat these circumstances to show how every thing combined to increase the horrors of this poor lady's situation. This proved indeed an awful day to her, replete with the most painful suspense she had ever endured; its recollections will never be effaced from her memory. The rain which had poured in torrents, now began to abate; the lightning was less vivid, and the distant rolling thunder gave some reason to hope the storm was nearly over. But not so—shower after shower arose in quick succession, and the rain continued to pour in torrents. The hour which had been named for the return of the husband had long since past; the streets were still filled with loaded wagons and car-

riages; families were flying in order to keep before the enemy. The inhabitants of Chazy and Cumberland-Head were pouring along—foot passengers—persons on horseback—boats plying on the lake laden with the frightened country people, but no tidings from Dr. Stanley. There sat the young and unprotected wife—the agonized mother, with every nerve strained to discover in the dim and clouded distance some trace of him on whom her every hope depended. Perhaps exhausted by fatigue, he had fallen from his horse! and even now lay exposed to the pitiless storm—perhaps the same flash of lightning which had prostrated her for the moment, had levelled her husband with the earth; alone in the forest, no friend at hand to assist him, perhaps at this very moment his lifeless form was stretched upon the plain! Overcome with these imaginings her heart palpitated, her eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, her brain reeled, she could no longer bear the presence of the servant girl who stood watching the changing emotions of her face with amazement, she rushed into her own room, and prostrating herself before the throne of mercy, poured forth her sorrows to that God who had never turned a deaf ear to her petitions. The Comforter descended with healing upon his wings—she arose composed and submissive—her trust was in Him who had promised that his grace should be sufficient for her, and she left her room reposing on the strong arm of her Redeemer. Mrs. Stanley no sooner entered the solitary parlour, than her attention was arrested by the rapid tramp of the express, and this timid sensitive woman, who at any other time would have shrunk from encountering

a stranger, now flew out and hailed the courier; the man, struck probably with her pale and grief-worn features, and apparently unprotected situation, checked the mad speed of his horse, while in a trembling voice she asked, "what intelligence from the enemy?" The man, in terms of respect told her,—“they had struck their tents, and as far as he could judge, were making preparations to march immediately to Plattsburgh; they were now four miles back on the lake road; on the Beekmantown road, he thought they might be seven, the party by the lake would probably be upon us in two hours!” and he plunged his spurs in the sides of his horse and dashed forward. What could she do in this extremity? She would quietly await the issue. But, had she the right, or if she had, would it be just to expose the young creature who had staid so patiently and faithfully by her, during the last few perilous hours? No! her heart—her conscience told her it would not. As long as she had the power she would protect her, but it was probable the time was rapidly approaching when she would require protection herself. A thought occurred to her; she instantly called Polly, and after telling her it was possible Dr. Stanley might not return in time for them to leave the place, in that case she (Mrs. Stanley) might not be able to give her the care which every female required in such a state of confusion—left it to her own choice whether to remain and risk all with her, or to take a seat, in case she could procure one, on some one of the many wagons which were constantly passing. Once in Peru, she could join Cynthia and the children without delay. The girl with a degree of levity which surprised Mrs. Stanley, hastily replied,—“No

marm, I'd ruther stay with you and *see the fun*." Shocked at this thoughtless answer, Mrs. Stanley explained to her the probable situation in which they would find themselves, should the enemy arrive before they could get away. The girl raised her head, her eyes were filled with tears; she was pained for her mistress. "If I go I shall be safe, but what will become of you, marm? I am strong, and if a soger goes for to hurt you, marm, I can hit him a lick—but what can you do with that *little dillicate* hand o' yours?" "*I must trust in Providence, Polly!*" said Mrs. Stanley. "Well marm, if you will go on the wagon with me, I'll go,—but if you ar goin to stay and trust in Providence, I'll stay and trust too." "But, Polly, it may not be in my power to protect you, and what will you do if Indians come with the enemy?" "I shall be better off than my mistress even then—for I can run for it, and you can't," said she pertly. Mrs. Stanley was silenced. This poor ignorant creature evinced more good feeling and consideration in her pert untutored way, than many a polished lady, who prided herself upon her disinterested friendship and sensibility, might have done.

CHAPTER IV.

Hour after hour passed away, away—still the husband and the father came not—shower after shower came pouring down; the thunder burst in tremendous peals, while the livid lightning still played fearfully

along the sky! The force of the storm had in a measure spent itself, when Mrs. Stanley beheld her kind neighbour Mr. S—— approaching; she flew to the door to bid him welcome—he seized her hand with the most affectionate interest: “Dear, dear madam! why are you still here? I thought you left Plattsburgh last night. Oh! madam, you ought not to be here *now*—in less than two hours the British may be upon us.” She briefly stated to him her situation. “Sad enough,” was his reply. “What do you propose to do? you will not remain here? you must not.” “If my husband should be detained, which God forbid! I will cast myself upon the protection of the British officers; they are gentlemen, they surely will defend a helpless woman like myself from insult.” “My dear lady,” said he, “you are yet too young; you know little of the world, and less of camps; I dare not trust you to such uncertain protection, and then, observe,” said he, “Mrs. Stanley, observe that fortification across the river directly in front of this house.” “I do, sir.” “On the hill which rises at the extremity of your garden the enemy will in all probability throw up breast-works; every gun in yonder fort is pointed to your dwelling, and the opposite defences will probably be arranged in the same way, and you will find yourself exposed to the fire of both forts; you may be the victim of the first shot that is fired; I cannot leave you thus, neither can I aid, unless you will consent to share my fortune in an open boat upon this stormy lake; there is a bright moon, although it may be obscured by clouds; I think the night promises to be boisterous; I shall keep before the enemy if possible, but where I shall pass the night is yet uncertain. I

shall remain here until the last moment." Mrs. Stanley was very much agitated, and uncertain what she ought to do. Should she go, she might place a barrier between herself and family which would prevent their meeting for a long time, if ever. Should the enemy penetrate into the heart of the country as was apprehended, in the general flight and confusion, she might lose all traces of her dear little family, and they of her. Should her husband return and find his house deserted, in his weak state he would lose his senses, perhaps throw himself into the camp of the invaders, and commit some outrage that would cost him his life. Torn by contending feelings and opinions, poor Mrs. Stanley stood almost motionless. "My God direct me!" she mentally exclaimed, then turning to her friend she extended her hand, her heart was too full to speak;—he understood her. "My dear madam," said he, "you know not the danger you brave; I will again look in upon you; you *will*, you *must* change your resolution." Little Polly stood, eagerly devouring with open mouth and wide distended eyes every word which fell from the lips of this kind judicious friend, (who alas! has long since done with the tumults and vexations of life,) and as soon as he was gone, she flew to Mrs. Stanley and entreated her to go with him. She fixed her tearful eyes upon the child, to read what was passing in her mind. You poor helpless little thing! thought she, I have no right to expose you to dangers, even were I resolved to brave them myself; and after a little reflection, made up her mind to go in the boat with Mr. S——. She must leave a letter, however, where her husband could find it, should he come after they

were gone. She stepped into the house to write. The storm had passed; the setting sun streamed across the room, in all its glory through the open casement, and as its parting rays ceased to glimmer over the landscape it seemed to her excited mind as a prelude to a long, long night of misery—her heart swelled—“This will not do,” she cried, “I must be a woman now! I will hasten and write.” She turned to do so, but her writing implements were gone. She sent Polly to Mr. S—— to get pen, ink and paper—he was in the same predicament with herself—what was to be done? She took a piece of soft pine coal from the fire-place, and writing upon the street door these words, quietly began to prepare herself for her expedition on the water.—“To whom it may concern,—Mrs. Stanley, after waiting until nearly dark, has at length embarked in a small boat in company with Mr. S——; her friends will find her somewhere on the lake-shore between Plattsburgh and Peru; perhaps on Crab-Island. She is safe and Polly is with her.” After writing this notice as legibly as she could, she again seated herself to reflect upon the step she was about to take. She was not satisfied with the plan. Something whispered her that if she left her home, before the return of Dr. Stanley, they would never meet again. Once more she retired to her closet, and implored divine assistance. “Oh! Father in heaven direct me,” she again prayed; in the deepest agony of soul she entreated that God would make her duty manifest. These words came into her mind,—“Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart.” Yes, thought she, I will wait—in his own good time he will deliver me from these

dangers. In her excited state of mind this passage of Scripture appeared to her as a direct expression of the mind of God towards her. She was convinced it was her duty to wait God's appointed time. She came out of her room and told Polly that she should remain; the poor girl looked disappointed, but was silent. Twilight now began to spread its gray mantle around. The sound of the evening gun came booming over the waters, and the roll of the drum pealed upon her ear like the knell of death. The shadows of evening deepened around; the clouds still wore a threatening aspect, and plainly indicated another storm in the course of the night; the stars, however, shone out in all their brightness, except when obscured by transient clouds, and the full moon rose in the eastern hemisphere fitfully bright. Again Mr. S—— stood on the piazza. "I am now going, my dear madam, and I again entreat you to go with me." Her heart was too full to reply; it seemed as if she was now called upon to separate herself in this hour of peril, from her last, her only friend. She extended her hand, he pressed it with a father's tenderness. He thought of his own daughters, now in safety, the same age, and dear friends of the lonely one he was about to leave exposed to countless dangers. Again he entreated her to go. "I thank you, my friend, God only knows *how much* I thank you—but, I cannot go; should I do so, I may never see my husband again! If he lives he will come; he will hover round this spot, like a troubled spirit until grief and anxiety terminate the life which fever has spared." At that moment the courier was heard approaching. Mr. S—— once more bade her an affectionate farewell, and hastened

into the street to hear the report. The enemy were slowly advancing towards Dead-Creek, where our pickets were placed; he dashed on to camp with his intelligence, while Mr. S——, attended by two men, went down the river bank where the boat was moored. Mrs. Stanley and her little Polly seated themselves on the piazza to watch the departure of the boat, and as the sound of the receding oars died on her ear, she felt as if her last hope had expired. Who can paint the desolation of those lonely ones! The girl clung to Mrs. Stanley for protection with as much confidence as a babe to its mother, and as she, (Mrs. S.) became aware of this, the more sensible was she of her weighty responsibilities. The inhabitants had nearly all left the village; the streets were deserted; except some solitary refugee who had been belated in leaving the place, not a citizen remained, not a female except the two desolate beings who were now marking the signs of the times in the gloomy twilight. The sentinels who were stationed for the night were seen pacing backward and forward, their bayonets glittering in the moonlight. Across the river could be seen much of the bustle of preparation, and two or three times Mrs. Stanley thought she saw movements like tearing up the bridge. The Saranac runs in a northerly direction, and as it passes through to the lake, turns to the east, and the village is built on both sides of it, being connected by a bridge. The house of Dr. Stanley was on the north bank, and the camp on the south. There were two bridges, an upper, and a lower, which latter, though not opposite, was in full view of his house. Should they tear up both, how could her husband cross the river? Here was a new

source of alarm. She listened to the strokes of the hammer, and the fall of timber; strained her aching eye-balls in the fitful moonlight to ascertain the nature of the operations going on; all was anxiety and suspense. The house clock had struck ten, and every stroke had fallen like the cold hand of death upon the heart of the agitated sufferer. She heard the sound of a horse—she started from her seat—it advanced—it was he—she strained her eyes and ears—it still advanced, and rapidly—it *was* he—the husband, whom a few minutes before she had thought never to see again. She flew to the gate—he approached—and turned up the other street—*it was not he!*

CHAPTER V.

SLOWLY and heavily Mrs. Stanley ascended the steps, and seated herself by the parlour window. Her thoughts were upon her husband and her babes, from whom she was, perhaps, separated for ever. Hope still lingered around her heart; she felt that she had done her duty, and prayed that she might be supported. Again the moon became obscured, and again the pale flashes of lightning, followed by low muttering thunder, foretold another storm—and, where was he, the wanderer? She well knew his anxiety for her safety would have prompted him to return with all possible speed—what could have happened? This was a question she continually asked herself. The clock told eleven. “Oh! merciful God

protect him;" burst from her agitated lips, and all her apprehensions as to the coming battle were lost in the fearful thought, that she might at this moment be a widow, and her children fatherless. She paced the room in agony. The servant girl had, by the request of Mrs. Stanley, prepared herself a temporary couch, (for bed or sofa none remained in the house,) and exhausted by fatigue had fallen asleep. "Sleep on, poor child," said Mrs. Stanley to the unconscious girl, "this transient slumber may compose your nerves to meet our coming fate—poor thing! You little know the trials which, perhaps, ere long await you; sleep while you can!" Again the sound of a horse trotting briskly along the bank assailed her ears; she flew to the door, and in the dim distance, the moon half obscured by clouds, saw a man riding towards the house. "Oh! there he is! that must be he! no! he has turned up the other street. Father in heaven support me!" burst from the almost despairing wife. As she turned to go into the house, she saw the figure of a man entering the large gate which led to the back door and stable; she hastened in, and arousing Polly from her brief sleep, they proceeded to the kitchen; it was now near midnight. The nerves of Mrs. Stanley had been so long strained by this intense anxiety, that the sight of any human being she thought would be welcome. The loud knock was answered by her, with a firm and calm, "who is there?" "A friend!" was the response—"I am wet and weary, and want a drink of milk." Mrs. Stanley unhesitatingly opened the door, and a man advanced into the middle of the room;—a half suppressed shriek burst from her lips involuntarily, while Polly

unconsciously clung to her mistress. This man was the only one who in that hour of loneliness and desolation would not have been welcome; a reputed murderer, and had twice within the last year been tried for his life. About three months since he was acquitted on the second charge. Although acquitted for the want of positive evidence, most people thought him guilty, and so general was the opinion, that he was shunned by the children in the streets with as much horror, as a traveller would shun the poisonous blast laden with death from the dreaded "Bohun Upas." In a moment the lady gained her self-possession, motioned him to a seat, and directed the girl to fill his pitcher with milk. After the first shock, even the presence of this man was a relief. He remarked that he had been all day engaged in removing his family and effects, he came in half an hour before, hungry, wet and weary; finding nothing in his own larder, and seeing a light at the house of Dr. Stanley, he had ventured to tax her hospitality for a drink of milk. Mrs. Stanley ordered the remains of their almost untasted dinner to be placed before her singular guest, who made up by the compliment he paid it for the neglect which the good cheer had met with at dinner-time. A snug little fire with its cheerful blaze seemed to invite him to dry his dripping garments; he quietly drew his chair to the hearth, and making himself at home, began to discuss the events of the day, asserted there could be but one opinion as to the issue of the battle, which must end in the defeat of the Americans, and assured the lady, that a large body of Indians would be let loose upon the inhabitants, who would burn and destroy all before

them, spreading desolation throughout that whole region of country.

Mrs. Stanley did not suffer herself to be discomposed by his representations, but he succeeded in alarming the poor girl, who *now*, for the first time, trembled in every limb. A tremendous clap of thunder reminded the man that he was not at home; hastily rising, he thanked Mrs. Stanley for her hospitality and took his leave. The storm came rapidly on. Clasp^{ing} her hands in anguish, Mrs. Stanley exclaimed, "Oh, where can he be now? This wild wind seems as if it would uproot the forest—should he now be crossing the plain, his life is in constant peril from some falling tree—at all events his exposure in such a storm as this will prove his death." She then opened a small trunk which contained changes of apparel for the family, and selected a complete suit for Dr. Stanley, and every preparation was made for his comfort, should he ever return; this done, she hurried again to the street door to watch the coming of her husband. The clock had long since told one! No sound was in the silent street except the noise of the express; whose hoarse voice every half hour, broke upon the stillness of the night. The scene across the bridge was one of thrilling interest. Lights moving in every direction—the bright flashing of the sentinels' arms as they paced back and forth, on their night-watch—the hurried bustling air of those at work on, and near the bridge—the lights in the cantonment, where all seemed confusion, and the hum of voices coming at intervals across the water amid the howling of the blast, rendered the scene still more exciting. The dark clouds were now collecting in one dense

mass over the little village, and with a crash, which appeared to shake the earth, they parted, emitting a sheet of flame, which seemed to wrap the heavens in a blaze. Mrs. Stanley passed her hand across her eyes, as if to shut out the fearful sight, and for a moment rested on the balustrade,—then retiring to the parlour, threw herself into a chair, and folding her arms across her breast, raised her heart in prayer to Him “who rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm”—while poor little Polly, her gay spirit broken and subdued, sank at her feet and clung to her knees, as if for protection. Oh! who can describe her feeling of total helplessness and desolation at that moment? A deathlike silence pervaded the empty apartment, rendered still more desolate by the absence of its usual comforts;—no word was spoken—the girl was awe-struck. The soul of Mrs. Stanley was raised in high and holy communion with her Heavenly Father. She had early been taught by sad experience the fleeting nature of all earthly good, and that mother whose precepts she was now called upon to practise, and whose example she was striving to follow, had taught her where to carry her burdens. At length the storm abated, the thunder rolled at a distance, the lightning still flashed across the heavens—but it had spent its fury; the *spirit* of the storm was hushed, and again the moon came forth in “cloudless majesty!” It was past two. Again the agitated wife heard the footfall of a horse in the direction from which she expected her husband; in an instant she was at the door,—again she strained her eyes and ears to catch the sound, or sight, of his familiar form; the horseman advanced—her heart throbbed nearly to bursting—it

is, it *must* be he! near and more near came the sound; at length the horseman rode up to the gate; her head grew giddy; her sight dim: "My husband!" she exclaimed—"my Margaret!" was the reply, and she sank lifeless on the steps of the piazza. Dr. Stanley rushed forward, and with the assistance of Polly, carried his fainting wife into the house; by means of the usual remedies she was soon restored to life and consciousness; and when she found herself once more folded to the bosom of her husband, she felt prepared to brave all and suffer all. The attention of the anxious wife was immediately attracted to the worn and haggard appearance of Dr. Stanley, and his apparel, from which the water was dripping, plainly told her he had been exposed to all the violence of the tempest. A boiling kettle, which her forethought had kept in readiness, now furnished the means of comfort to the exhausted invalid; a bowl of wine whey, a warm bath for his feet, and a complete change of garments, soon renovated and enabled him to explain to his wondering wife, the cause of his long absence. His weakness was extreme; after riding six miles he found himself so exhausted he could ride no farther, and was obliged to stop. Availing himself of the hospitality of a kind farmer, whose house he was passing, a bed was prepared; after resting half an hour, he found himself ready to proceed when the storm again arose; this caused another delay; he waited until its violence had passed—then mounting his horse rode on at full speed; but showers succeeded each other in rapid succession, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and when he reached the little hamlet to which he was destined, he was deluged

with rain. It was a long time before he succeeded in his mission. The persons he wished to see were gone; their wives could not act without the sanction of their husbands. His mind was racked with anxiety; there was no remedy, however, he must wait, or his journey would be of no avail. The chain of communication was kept up between the exiles in Peru and the village of Plattsburgh; they received all the intelligence as fast as man and horse could carry it. Of course Dr. Stanley knew the enemy had pitched his tents about four miles from the village, and would probably wait there until pleasant weather. It was late in the evening before his business was completed, and he had just entered upon the dreary pine plains, when the last terrible storm came on. Such was his little history of mishaps. Their preparations for departure were soon made, and the wagon at the door, which was to convey them to their beloved children. Sad were the feelings of these parents as the doors of their much loved home closed upon them perhaps for ever. It had been the scene of affliction, it had also been the seat of domestic happiness; the birthplace of their children, it had witnessed their infant sports, and was endeared to them by many tender associations,—its portals had now closed upon them, perhaps for the last time; the probability was, from its relative situation, it might take fire from the guns of our own fort. Mrs. Stanley brushed the tear from her eye, and quietly seated herself in the wagon.

CHAPTER VI.

THE house clock struck three, as Dr. Stanley and his wife, with Polly, rode out of the yard. At half past two, Dr. Stanley on his return from Peru had crossed the upper bridge as usual—their design now was to cross the lower one, in order to learn the countersign, and obtain from the general a passport through the line of sentinels stationed on their route. When they reached the bridge, they found it uncovered; two sentinels advanced, one on each side of the wagon, and each presenting his gun demanded the countersign. What was to be done? Dr. Stanley told the “plain unvarnished tale” of villagers unavoidably detained—and was informed there was no passing through camp that night, *with or without* the countersign; their orders were peremptory—neither could they enter camp in the morning without the magic word. “*I am not a stranger,*” said Dr. Stanley, “*you must know me;* I have passed all hours of the night unmolested through your camp, during a succession of months before your army surgeons came on, and at all hours have I visited the fleet, having the professional charge of that also, and if I mistake not, young man, *you* have assisted me in handing dressings to bind up many an old wound received in battle, which had been neglected until dressed by me at yonder fort. Let us proceed, my good fellow!” “Can’t help you, sir,” was the laconic reply, “you

pass here at your peril!" They rode on to the upper bridge, which Dr. Stanley had crossed without hindrance, when he returned from Peru a short hour before,—when lo! that bridge was taken up also, a fence across the road, a breastwork erected, and the passage completely blocked up. A faintness—a sickness of the heart came over poor Mrs. Stanley—she wistfully turned her face to her husband with a look of inquiry: "*We must go west!*" said he. "Never!" said the half distracted mother; "who is to protect our babes? should the enemy penetrate into the heart of our country, they may be torn from us for ever—"I cannot go west, I *must* go south!" "My dear Margaret," said the agonized husband, "quietly submit to this necessity, you see we cannot go south; in a few days the country will be quiet, and then we will rejoin the children." "Is it necessary, is it right, my husband, that we should separate ourselves from those helpless little ones? Oh! let us make one more effort, the cause is holy, God will aid us!" "My dear Margaret, resistance is vain; we only expose ourselves to insult, perhaps danger, by contending the pass with those sentinels." "Oh, Dr. Stanley!" exclaimed the half frantic mother, "I entreat you to make one more trial: let *me* in my own person make it; they will not refuse me. General Macomb is my personal friend, I will find some one who will procure me a sight of the general." "It is in vain, my dear Margaret, to resist the authority of these soldiers; be rational, I entreat you, and seek safety on the western road." "I implore, oh my husband, by all I have this night suffered, that you make one more effort to cross the lower bridge!" The husband gave up the point, and

the head of his horse was again turned toward the village. When they arrived at the bridge, gray dawn was just breaking, and the scene which presented itself was truly imposing. The lights were not extinguished, lanterns were flying to and fro, in every direction, the string pieces of the bridge bare, every plank gone! the rapid motions of the soldiers engaged in their tasks; the glittering of firearms; the loud clear tones of the officers, giving direction, nodding plumes, and burnished swords, and "all the pomp and circumstance of war," so new to Mrs. Stanley, caused her heart to beat violently. She strained her eyes to discover a boat, but no! there was no boat there. The moment the wagon arrived at the top of the hill above the bridge, two sentinels sprang forward and opposed their passage at the point of the bayonet. While Dr. Stanley was expostulating with the sentinel on one side, Mrs. Stanley, in tones that would have melted a heart of adamant, entreated the one on the other, that he would suffer them to proceed. With the gun pointed as close to her breast as it could be, without touching her, he refused. "Let me go," said she, "and obtain audience of the general! I can walk the string-pieces." "Pass at your peril," said the fellow, moving his weapon as if about to plunge it into her bosom; it did not touch her, and she feared it not. "I entreat you, my good fellow, call the officer of the night! I *must* see him," said the unhappy lady, raising her voice in agony; "I beseech you let me pass—I can walk the beams." "Pass at your peril!" repeated the angry sentinel. As the bright steel glanced before her eyes in the shadowy light reflected by the almost expiring lamps, mingling their

fitful rays with the first faint streaks of morning, she shuddered; but again pleaded that he would call the officer of the night,—“Do, I entreat—if ye are men, ye will not persist in this refusal! call your officer, I implore you! or let me pass up on your own responsibility, to my helpless unprotected babes.” Again the fellow, probably enjoying her distress, made a feint with his gun, presenting it so close that its point pressed against her mantle. Although trembling she shrunk not, but raising her voice in the excitement of the moment exclaimed, “I must, I will join my children; sheath your bayonet,” said she, her voice still rising; “if ye have wives, or children of your own, for their sakes let me pass!” Still the bright bayonet flourished at her breast, while Dr. Stanley in deep altercation with the soldier on the other side, had not observed the close contact of the shining weapon with the person of his beloved wife: “You pass not here with your lives,” said the sentinel, again menacing the defenceless woman. “Let me get out,” she shrieked, half rising, “let me make my way to General Macomb; he will send me on without delay.” At that moment, an officer came running up the hill—“Who have we here? what is this? down with that weapon, sirrah! What lady is this? what Doctor?” “Lieut. M——!” exclaimed Mrs. Stanley, every feature irradiated with sudden joy, “do you not know me?” “Not know you; my dear madam! and is this Dr. Stanley? I am thankful I am stationed here this night;—pardon, dear madam, the vigilance of my soldiers; but I fear I cannot readily pardon them, myself the fright they have given you—but how is this? why are you here? explain!” A few words led him to understand the position of the

fugitives. "Have patience, Mrs. Stanley," said he, "you shall cross the bridge in a few moments." He then sprang with the speed of lightning down the hill, and in a short time the Doctor and Mrs. Stanley saw as many soldiers as could work to advantage laying planks across the string-pieces. In a few minutes Lieut. M—— returned, and bidding Mrs. Stanley not to be alarmed at the narrow bridge, (the passage was only wide enough for the wagon to cross,) he volunteered to lead the horse himself. Polly and Dr. Stanley alighted, and the two gentlemen led the horse across the narrow pass, Mrs. Stanley keeping her seat in the wagon. It was a critical operation, but the horse was kind and well trained; the noble animal stepped as carefully and as proudly as if he knew he was performing an important service for his master. Arrived at the extremity of the bridge, Lieut. M—— said, "You are now, my friends, beyond the two most important lines of sentinels; wait a few moments, I will go to General Macomb and get you a pass through camp. Had our General been aware of Mrs. Stanley's situation, she would not have been subjected to such fatigue and alarm." He returned directly, bringing with him a passport. Then their way was plain, the morning gun was fired just as they left behind them the last line of sentinels, and Mrs. Stanley uttered a sincere and heartfelt "*thank God*," as they cleared the cantonment. The sun was just rising above the horizon, as they left camp, and the heart of Mrs. Stanley beat high with hope;—she invoked blessings on the head of the young officer who had so nobly assisted them in that hour of peril. Should these pages ever meet his eye, he will have the plea-

sure to know that his noble exertions in the cause of humanity, that night, will ever be remembered with gratitude.

They proceeded on their way with lighter hearts than they had felt for many hours. Dr. Stanley, however, was almost worn out by his exertions, and the feeble frame of his wife seemed ready to sink with fatigue and anxiety. They accordingly decided to stop and breakfast with a friend, about half-way between Plattsburgh and Peru, their place of destination; wisely judging it prudent to husband their remaining strength to meet other emergencies. They were warmly welcomed by their friends. The lady of the house was ill of a fever. Dr. Stanley was their family physician, but hearing of his illness, they had not sent for him: at this time, when all was confusion, no physician could be had in whom they could confide. The Dr. and Mrs. Stanley seemed like messengers from heaven! On finding the family in such distress, they concluded to spend a few hours, which the Doctor devoted to the care of the sick lady, whose life was in imminent danger, while Mrs. Stanley essayed all her arts of consolation, to soothe the agitated feelings of her amiable young friend, who was trembling for the life of a beloved mother. They arrived at a critical moment, and both the Doctor and Mrs. Stanley have often since felt a pleasure in reflecting upon that incidental call, which proved of essential service to their friends, as he was, no doubt, instrumental in saving the life of Mrs. —. It was however, necessary that they should join their children as soon as possible, and, towards evening they proceeded to Peru.

CHAPTER VII.

I WILL not attempt to describe the meeting between the parents and children. Suffice it to say, that when Mrs. Stanley found herself quietly established in the rooms which her husband had provided, her children in health and spirits sporting around her, she (for the time) forgot all the sufferings she had endured since their separation. Her heart was so filled with gratitude for present blessings, that there was no room for any other emotion. Her treasures were safe, and she was happy! They were all once more united,—what greater blessing could she ask? True, by the fortune of war, their little property might be destroyed—their home reduced to ashes—but her husband, her children were restored, and as she folded them to her bosom, and imprinted a kiss on each glowing cheek, and listened to all their little details of what had occurred to them during their separation, she was happy. Alas! what short-sighted beings we are! Before Dr. Stanley retired for the night, he manifested symptoms of indisposition, which again alarmed his too sensitive wife. He refused to take medicine, and persisted in believing that a good night's rest would restore him. His constitution was naturally fine. He had seldom been out of health since their marriage, enduring all the fatigues of an extensive practice in medicine and surgery, in that new country, riding night and day, through wind and storms, with-

out experiencing the least ill effects from the exposure, and often when engaged in the duties of his profession among the poor, when he has found himself at night fifteen or twenty miles from home, and his patient not in a situation to be left, had he thrown himself upon the floor of some wretched log hut, so open that he could run his arm through the planks; his great coat performing the double duties of bed and blanket, and his saddle for a pillow, slept as soundly, and felt as well as if he had slumbered upon a bed of down, curtained with damask hangings. Was it a marvel then, that this tender wife should be anxious respecting his present situation, just recovering as he was from a long and violent attack of fever? Upon suddenly awaking, she fancied she heard him move, and gently disengaging herself from the arms of her sleeping boy, she stole softly into his room, and found him in a burning fever, raving wildly of the events of the preceding night, apparently unconscious where he was, or even of the presence of his wife. In a state of extreme agitation, Mrs. Stanley awakened the hired man of Mr. G.—— to go for a doctor. The man seemed intelligent, and she made inquiries respecting the different practitioners. He told her she would be obliged to take whoever she could get; he fancied there would be no choice allowed her; there were but two doctors in the town, one of them was ill of a fever, the other had gone a journey, and was not expected to return in several weeks. A faintness came over the heart of Mrs. Stanley, her limbs almost refused their support; she leaned upon the window-sill to prevent falling. In a moment the weakness was past, and she prepared for exertion. “My hus-

band is very ill," said she, "what is to be done?—assist me my good fellow, and a liberal reward shall be yours." "Indeed marm I dew not know, I guess *that are* young man, what lives with Dr. A.—*he's larnin* the Doctor's trade,—may be he knows *summat on it* a redy; he's been larnin this two mon or more." The idea of placing the life of her husband in the hands of an ignorant quack, or a raw young student, made her shudder. She had herself been accustomed to sickness, and a few years previous to this time, during the prevalence of an epidemic (typhus fever) had proved an efficient aid to her husband in his extensive practice. She now thanked God that the spirit of inquiry into the why and wherefore, had led her to observe something of the minutix of his general practice. He was a very sick man!—She thought his life in danger; how could she take the responsibility in so critical a case? the patient her own husband—the father of her children.—"I will see this young man," said she to herself, "and then I can better judge what confidence to repose in him." The young student of medicine came. He was a young man of a fine open countenance, pleasing appearance, and had been bred a Quaker, although he had dismissed their peculiarity of language. There was a simplicity of manner, and absence of pretension about this young man, which pleased Mrs. Stanley. She stated to him the situation of her husband, and led the way to his room; his fever ran high, attended with delirium; the brain was evidently disordered—he recognised no one. But when his wife approached his bed-side, there was a softness and gentleness in his manner that plainly told, he knew a *friend* was

near,—he would take *nothing* but from *her* hand, nor receive the assistance of any other person, yet *he did not know her!* Poor Mrs. Stanley! “what do you think of him, sir?” said she, in a tremulous voice.—“He is a very sick man,” was the brief reply. “What do you advise, Doctor?” “I do not know, madam—I am not competent to advise in so critical a case, for I have but just commenced the study of medicine.” “God bless you, my dear sir, for your candour on this occasion. I now feel far more easy about my husband than I should do, were you an arrogant, self-sufficient young man, professing to understand what you know nothing about.” “Dr. Stanley is certainly very ill; I wish we had able counsel; we must make the best of it, however, madam; as I said, I will assist you all I can, but I am not willing to take the responsibility.” “I will send to Plattsburgh, and get advice if possible; if a physician cannot be had, the responsibility must rest *here*,” said Mrs. Stanley, placing her hand upon her heart. “Oh! God of mercy,” she silently ejaculated, “inspire me with wisdom to direct, courage to perform, and strength to sustain me in this perilous business! what *heavy* responsibilities are mine. Oh, should I through ignorance administer what would injure his constitution, perhaps shorten his life, or should I omit what is necessary to perform, the same results will ensue—what shall I do? what can I do? I will send instantly to Plattsburgh.” She stepped to the kitchen, and ordered the man to saddle Dr. Stanley’s horse with all speed: while this was doing, she sat down to her desk and penned a note to a friend in camp, briefly stating her situation, and entreating that one of the

army doctors might be sent without a moment's delay, and with a beating heart she waited the return of the messenger.

Mrs. Stanley saw with agony the ravages which fever was hourly making upon the frame of her beloved husband, and she exerted all her energies to avert the dreadful blow which threatened her. She had a painful task to perform—that of communicating to her affectionate children the alarming situation of their father. The little boy was too young to realize the evil she feared, but the two little girls possessed judgment and discretion beyond their years. Mrs. Stanley had been peculiarly situated ever since her marriage. When she settled on Lake Champlain, she beheld herself entirely separated from every member of her own family; one dear and almost idolized brother, and two sisters, were all that death had spared of a numerous family, and their lot was cast in a distant part of the state. Her husband's practice called him much from home, and as her own habits were domestic and retired, she found herself much alone. She was a devoted mother, and from the first dawnings of reason her daughters had been her companions. She had entered into all their infantile sports, listened to all their little griefs, and identified herself as much as possible with them; of course she won their confidence, and they grew up as her companions and friends. These two lovely children, the one eight, the other six years old, assumed a responsibility (for it was self-imposed) that few young ladies of twenty feel toward a feeble mother. They felt that her happiness was in their keeping. With a constitution so fragile, that it seemed as if one rude blast of

adversity would annihilate her, she had been the victim of sorrow from her childhood. It was theirs to soothe and console; if the tear trembled in her eye, Anna would sing one of her sweetest songs; if her brow was clouded with care, Louisa had a pretty story to read. Thus hand in hand, these two lovely, almost angelic little beings, watched over their almost idolizing mother. It would have warmed the heart of a stoic to have witnessed the pure, simple, yet child-like expedients they resorted to, in order to enliven the domestic hearth. They were too young to analyze their motives; they only knew she was their dear, their honoured mother, who looked to them for happiness; she must not look in vain. It was to these intellectual, almost ethereal little beings, that Mrs. Stanley was about to communicate the most mournful tidings of their father's illness. I will not attempt to describe the scene that ensued. At first their grief knew no bounds, but when told that she looked to them for consolation in this hour of trial, Anna, smiling through her tears, threw herself into her mother's arms, saying, "dear mamma, you shall not be disappointed in us; if we lose papa, we must all love each other the more;" while Louisa sat immovable as a statue, her hands folded across her little heart, and her full dark eye fixed on vacancy. "Louisa, my darling," said the agonized mother, "speak to me, dearest; have you no word—no comfort for mamma?" The little creature's deep convulsive sobs spoke the anguish of her heart. "Luly, dearest Luly—speak to mamma—be calm, my love." "I aft, I will be calm;" and she looked so piteously in her mother's face, while little Anna was constantly soothing and caressing her. "And

must papa die?" she at last articulated. "Oh! Anna, mamma will be a widow then, and shall not we be orphans? does not that mean orphans, to lose our papa?" "Yes, dear sister," sobbed Anna, "we shall be almost orphans, we shall have mamma." "Oh Anna, it is dreadful!" and again she sobbed almost convulsively. The strong, deep feelings of the younger child almost suffocated her, while the not less sensitive, but more buoyant spirits of Anna rebounded. Although a babe in years, she seemed at once endowed with the discretion of a woman. The peculiar circumstances in which they were placed, drew forth traits of character which surprised and gladdened the heart of the mourning mother. Every plan Anna could devise, to amuse her little brother and sister, she practised. She unpacked their little books, played school, instituted herself their teacher, and kept good order, that her mother might be relieved from the task of amusing them.

Mrs. Stanley's patience was sorely tried before her messenger returned; at last he came, but no success. There was no doctor in the town, and no one was permitted to leave camp; and this afflicted lady must be guided in this dreadful strait by her own weak judgment.

The delirium of Dr. Stanley continued for several hours—when a deathlike stupor succeeded, attended by an inflammation upon the bowels, which it was feared would end in mortification. Many of the most respectable inhabitants of Plattsburgh had sought refuge in this little hamlet, and it was some consolation to see familiar faces, and to know that many of her dear neighbours were near; yet every family had its own cares.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE chain of intelligence was kept up between Plattsburgh and Peru. Couriers were constantly riding back and forth with correct information. From the sixth until the eleventh, (the morning of the battle,) there was occasional skirmishing between the advance guards of the enemy and the Vermont volunteers, and New York militia. As is usually the case on such occasions, false alarms, and false reports were circulated by mischievous idlers who enjoyed the panic, riding furiously back and forth spreading terror all around, by rumors of farm houses burnt to ashes, and whole families massacred by the Indians, who were let loose to do their pleasure upon the peaceable inhabitants. These reports annoyed Mrs. Stanley, by creating alarm in the minds of those with whom she was associated. She knew herself, that there was no credit to be given them, and that the courier would soon arrive with the truth. Night and day she watched by the couch of her suffering husband. Every prescription was made by herself; her medical friend merely acquiescing in her views, and ending all his remarks by wishing they had able counsel. Mrs. Stanley trembled as the conviction forced itself upon her mind, that every thing rested upon her own judgment; a sacred solemnity pervaded her naturally cheerful mind; she had high and holy duties to perform. Her husband's life depended upon her judi-

cious management; an indiscretion on her part, which might arise from want of medical knowledge, would deprive herself and children of their dearest earthly friend. She knew that all depended upon her own self-possession. When her feelings amounted almost to agony, then would she close the door of her own little private room, and cast her burdens upon Him who was able to sustain them. She knew in whom she trusted—she rested on the promises of her God.

The exertions, both mental and physical, of this feeble woman were almost super-human. There were times when she felt herself sinking under the accumulated load of anxiety and fatigue. She saw her husband about to be torn from her for ever, at a time when his protection was necessary to their very existence as a family. Her mind reverted to that period, when a young and happy bride, she felt, that with *him* she could brave every extreme of danger and privation: to the hour, when a mother's love first filled her heart, and a parent's responsibilities were shared by the happy father. That father now lay before her unconscious of all her love, and all her woe. The lisping tones of his only son passed unheeded by him, and the tears of his idolized little daughters wet his face without recognition. "Oh speak to me, papa!" said the gentle Anna, as she threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed violently.

The heart of Louisa seemed bursting with sorrow; as she passed her little hand across his unconscious brow, a cold shivering seized her. There was something awful, to the mind of this child, in the change which a few days had wrought in that loved visage! Nothing disturbed him now!—there he lay—senseless

—almost motionless—his eyes half closed, lips black and parched, his cheek flushed with the intense heat of fever which was scorching his vitals, while his wife, whose countenance portrayed the keenest anguish, was constantly employed in administering such *antidotes as the united judgment of the two novices* in the healing art directed, to arrest the alarming symptoms which had taken place within a few hours. The good people with whom they stayed, and indeed the whole neighbourhood (who were of that sect denominated Quakers) manifested the greatest kindness and sympathy for the situation of the family. Daily offers of assistance, in the way of nursing, and sitting up at night with a sick man, were made, and as they viewed the pale cheek, and grief-worn face of Mrs. Stanley, and witnessed her unwearied devotion to her husband, they seemed to vie with each other in offices of kindness. There were also two young ladies, Miss Olivia and Martha R——, exiles like herself, staying in the same house, from whom she received almost sisterly attentions. Interesting young creatures they were, but where their lot has since been cast, I know not,—should they still live, they will be happy to know that their disinterested kindness to that afflicted family, to those sweet and interesting children, who are now angels in heaven, will ever be remembered by that bereaved lady with heartfelt gratitude.

Poor Mrs. Stanley scarcely left the bedside of her apparently dying husband, night or day, except at the earnest entreaty of her little daughters joined by the young ladies, who implored her for her children's sake, not to destroy her own life by such constant watching. There she sat—his burning hand pressed

within her own, her face and lip as pale as monumental marble, the gaze of her dark hazel eye immovably fixed on those loved features, which to her excited mind were already settling for the grave.

There were, as I have before observed, constant skirmishes between our militia and the advance guards of the British. It was evidently the policy of the besiegers to make a simultaneous attack by land and water: but they were detained by the tardy movements of their fleet. Commodore M'Donough had chosen a favourable position to meet their fire; his fleet being moored just round the point, in Cumberland Bay, which position he resolved no *ruse* of the enemy should induce him to abandon. General Macomb had been in hourly expectation of an engagement since the first of September. The deliberation with which the besiegers advanced, while it had excited surprise, gave our brave officers time to mature their plans, and strengthen and complete their defences—their block-houses were rendered more secure, their fortifications doubly fortified, new batteries were erected, impediments thrown in the passage of the enemy, and now, when their movements made it evident that they were about to attack the fort, the brave Macomb found himself ready to receive them. It was the determined resolve of the magnanimous little band who threw themselves into that fort to defend it to the last extremity—to conquer, or die! They had prepared matches to blow up the fort in case defeat was inevitable, nobly resolving, not to give the foe the advantage of that important post with all its arms and stores, which had been secured within its walls. The superiority of the British forces was

so great, that it was generally thought they would reduce both the fort and fleet, and penetrate by land and water into the heart of the country. Many brave hearts, which entered these walls, mentally bade adieu to wife and children, parents and friends, and all the tender ties which bound them to life, resolving to sustain the siege, repel the enemy, or perish in the ruins of the fort.

It would be vain for me to attempt a description of the little group, assembled in the chamber of the now apparently dying man, on the morning of the 10th of September. A material change had taken place in his symptoms during the night, and when the student came in the morning, he confirmed the worst fears of Mrs. Stanley. There he lay—nothing could move him now—his thick hurried respiration, difficulty of breathing, sunken features, all, every symptom appeared like approaching dissolution. There sat the mourning wife, the desolate mother; her sweet Anna on her knees on one side, partly reclining on her mother's lap; Louisa knelt on the other, an arm of each encircling her waist; the big tears were chasing each other down the cheeks of the beautiful Anna, while little Louisa buried her head in her mother's lap, almost convulsed with the sobs she was trying to suppress; little Charles was seated on Polly's lap, in silent amazement at a scene so new. Poor Mrs. Stanley, encircled in the arms of her daughters, pale as a snowdrift and almost as cold, sat calm and motionless, her hands clasped, her eyes closed, unconscious of the animating scenes enacting in the street under her window. Her soul was bowed down with its weight of woe;—she was commending the spirit of

her dying husband to the fountain of life, to the Saviour of sinners. Silence, like the silence of death, reigned in the apartment;—nothing but the low sobs of little Louisa, or the bursts of grief which Anna had in vain endeavoured to control, was heard. The student was unwearied in his attentions to the sick man; his kindness sunk deep into the mourning heart of Mrs. Stanley. Every thing which a friend could do on such an occasion was done by him; his frankness when he was first called, had won her esteem, and his generous kindness throughout the whole of that scene of affliction demands her lasting gratitude.

The loud tramp of the courier's horse now broke upon the ear; all was bustle and confusion, as he proclaimed his intelligence to his anxious auditors. "The enemy had struck their tents, and seemed about to commence their march. An attack upon the fort was hourly expected." How much depended upon the fate of that battle! Notwithstanding her own private griefs, Mrs. Stanley was deeply interested in the result of the war. Proud of the independence of her country, her young heart glowed with enthusiasm as she retraced the deeds of her heroic countrymen, who a few years since had fought and bled to obtain that independence; she could not brook the idea of surrender now. The ensign which Washington had planted in this land of freemen, must never bow to a foreign power; and while the star-spangled banner floated from the mast of M'Donough, and the princely eagle waved his protecting wings over Fort Moreau, she knew her loved country was still free, and her heart was raised in gratitude and thanksgiving, to that

Power who had fought our battles, and proclaimed us independent.

No change appeared in the sick man for many hours. The anxious mother feared the effects of such scenes of heart-breaking grief upon the minds of her children, and was gratified when Olivia asked them to go into the orchard; with some difficulty she persuaded them to go, and the sad wife was left alone in her grief, to reflect upon the helpless, hopeless situation in which she would find herself, should God in his wisdom see fit to remove her husband at this time. The hours passed heavily on. Mrs. Stanley was frequently annoyed by idlers, who for the want of more profitable employment, were interesting themselves in the affairs of their neighbours. In answer to their heartless questions "what will you do?" and "what can you do, if our army should retreat, followed by the Indians?" She had but one answer, "I have no choice left me." Night, with its darkness and gloom, approached. With much difficulty the little girls were prevailed upon to retire to bed. They entreated that they might be permitted to share their mother's vigils, but upon her promise, that if their father grew worse, they should be called, they kissed her good night and retired. Young Dr. A—— came to sit up with Dr. Stanley during the night, and urged the lady to retire; nothing could induce her at this critical moment to leave her post; of course both remained. Towards midnight a very perceptible change took place in the patient; he broke out in a profuse perspiration; instead of the short hurried breathing which had so much alarmed her, his respiration became full and free, while his whole appearance denoted a peaceful

slumber. Mrs. Stanley watched the change with a beating heart; her eyes were almost blinded by the intensity of the gaze which she fixed upon him; her head grew giddy, and she came near fainting. Dr. A—— was alarmed by her paleness, and gave her lavender,—she revived to a state of agonizing suspense. Dr. A—— critically watched the varying symptoms of the patient, and told Mrs. Stanley he thought she was right in her conjecture. *This, then, was the crisis of the fever;* and they hoped much from the sweet sleep into which he had fallen. Oh! who that has never been placed in a similar situation, can conceive the intense, the soul-harrowing anxiety which racked the heart of that almost despairing wife. Not a motion, not a breath was unobserved, and as she wiped the large drops of perspiration from his brow, she trembled lest his small remains of strength should give way under this powerful struggle between nature and disease. Dr. A—— threw himself upon a couch which had been prepared for the purpose, and now slept. Mrs. Stanley was left alone with her husband. A few hours before, hope was extinct in her bosom, and though her soul was filled with anguish, she had bowed submissively to the will of the Almighty. *Now, a ray, a faint and feeble ray* of hope, illuminated her mind, but it had deprived her of all her self-possession, all her composure. Again her own fearful responsibilities rushed upon her mind; the dreadful uncertainty; the suspense; the fear that her own inexperience and want of medical knowledge, might cause her to omit something which ought to be done, or to do something which ought not to be done. The life of a fellow creature was in her

hands; that fellow creature was her *husband*. She stationed herself at the bedside, where she could watch the most minute change in his countenance, now so pale, so death-like—there she sat in her desolation and communed with her own heart. Her mind travelled back to the days of her infancy, childhood, and youth! Of her father she recollected little; that little, however, told how tenderly she had been beloved by him; but her mother! her almost idolized mother! she who had watched over her infancy with the same tender care which she herself now exercised towards her own little ones, whose bright example had proved a beacon thus far, to light her own weary way—where was that mother now? The grave had long since closed over her mortal remains, but her spirit! had it deserted her child? Oh no! she felt its influence near, and around her; she daily held, or fancied she held high and holy communion with her beatified spirit. During her childhood, Margaret Stanley had almost worshipped her mother, and since the age of thirteen, the period when death had separated them, in every emergency had appealed to *that mother*, as if she had been present to her mortal eye, and fancied an answer to that appeal had been *given*; that her spirit was ever near to watch over, guide, guard, and protect her. In this solemn midnight hour, when the husband of her bosom, *now* her only protector, lay, as it were, hovering on the confines of eternity, she felt an immediate sense of her mother's presence; in the enthusiasm of the moment she stretched forth her feeble, wasted arms, as if to catch the bright vision. "Oh my mother! stay—let not thy pure spirit desert thy child; impart to her a portion of

thine own fortitude in that sad hour, when my sainted father was called home to heaven, and left thee to buffet the storms of life alone! Let thy bright example stimulate me to perform my duty; let me exercise thy faith, thy patience, thy meekness and submission! Oh my mother! let thy spirit be with and sustain me." Her feelings were wrought up to a pitch of the highest excitement; she burst into tears, and wept long and violently, and her overcharged heart was relieved. It was near morning; Dr. Stanley continued to sleep, and as Mrs. Stanley wiped away the perspiration which streamed from his face, she observed with hope, the change in his countenance. The pain-contracted brow, the shut teeth, frequently grating upon each other, were displaced, for slumbers as quiet and gentle as those of happy infancy. His brow was now placid and calm; peace had stamped its impress there, and his own benign smile once more flitted across his thin pale visage. "I thank thee, oh my God," she ejaculated, as while sponging his lips with soda water, she marked the change. "Shall I wake him?" murmured she to herself, "he has slept long and soundly; this apparently sweet and quiet slumber is nature's own prescription, and is it right to counteract her operations? and yet I fear he sleeps too long; what shall I do? he does not look exhausted, or even weary; I will not disturb him;" and again she seated herself at his bedside. At length he slowly opened his languid eyelids, and faintly articulated, "Margaret! my own Margaret!" Her soul trembled on her lip, and seemed about to wing its flight for immortality; in vain she essayed to reply; a trembling seized her; she caught up a glass

of water, drank it, and felt revived; then placing her fingers upon his lips, motioned him to be calm. He had awakened in his perfect senses!

Mrs. Stanley awakened Dr. A——, who evinced the most lively joy at the appearance of the patient. Without hesitation he pronounced him (according to the best of his judgment) *convalescent*! It was now morning. Dr. A—— took his leave, and the ever kind Olivia entered, and volunteered, her services as nurse, while Mrs. Stanley should try to obtain a little sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

A HEAVY weight was now removed from the heart of Mrs. Stanley; she sank into a refreshing slumber from which she was aroused by the caresses of her two little daughters, who came with a summons to breakfast, and to inquire after dear papa. Oh! with what mingled feelings of thankfulness and joy she folded the little creatures to her heart: and Fidele, the faithful little companion of their infant sports, was not now forgotten. The affectionate little dog had scarcely been noticed by his mistress since her mind had been so distressed about his master, and the sagacious brute saw at once that now he might venture to caress her, and be rewarded by the accustomed mark of her favour, a pat upon the head. The children and the dog were all in such high spirits, that Mrs. Stanley was obliged to call them to order as they

passed out, and taking a child in each hand, leaving Anna to follow with Fidele, they looked upon the sick man, and proceeded to the breakfast-room. Exhausted by long anxiety and constant watching, the nerves of Mrs. Stanley were all unstrung. The morning was beautiful; the orchard with its loaded trees, the green grass, the blue sky, all looked so inviting, that when she arose from the table she proceeded with the children to enjoy for a few moments its refreshing shade. The pure morning air, the lowing of the cattle, the music of the birds, the humming of the insects, seemed to inspire her with new life,—now hope was again sparkling in her eye, and dancing in her soul. The hearts of the little group seemed to rebound after the dreadful pressure under which for a time they had laboured. Charles was all fun and frolic, Fidele was gaily tripping forward, with tail curled, and ears erect, expressing as much joy as a dog could express that he was once more permitted to escort his indulgent mistress in a ramble. Mrs. Stanley cast her eyes over the little group, and once more enjoyed the delightful consciousness of a proud and happy mother. Suddenly a sound like the rumbling of distant thunder broke upon her ear! Peal succeeded peal, and a dense cloud of smoke rising in the direction of the lake, diffused itself over the heavens. Mrs. Stanley grew pale, her whole frame trembled—'tis the fleet, thought she, or the fort is on fire; and followed by the children she hastened to the house. After giving her children a caution not to disturb their father, to whom the slightest emotion might prove fatal, they entered his room. He had been awake, taken a little nourishment, and again fallen

into a sweet sleep. All now was bustle and confusion. The cannonading continued without intermission, and the whole surrounding atmosphere was hazy with the smoke. The little village, upon which half an hour ago the sun shone so clear and beautiful, seemed enveloped in fog. Riders were pouring in with intelligence. Expresses arrived every fifteen minutes, reporting the progress of the enemy; contradictory statements confused the minds of the fugitives. One moment the Americans were fighting like lions, determined not to give one inch of ground, and almost in the same moment, our retreating troops had crossed Salmon river, and as they crossed had torn up the bridge, and opposed every obstruction they could invent to impede the progress of the enemy, who, bearing down all opposition, were spreading desolation in their path. A large body of Indians followed in their rear, with permission to murder, scalp, and burn. Whole families were wantonly massacred, defenceless women and children lay bleeding on their own hearthstones. The little village of Salmon river was in flames, and the whole country four miles north exhibited one wide scene of ruin and desolation; every farm-house was blazing or already in ashes. These frightful and contradictory reports it may well be imagined, agitated Mrs. Stanley, who, seated by the bedside of her husband, her children clinging around her, quietly awaited her fate. The "Union," for so the little Quaker village to which the inhabitants of Plattsburgh had flown for safety, was called, was situated in a valley. It contained twenty or thirty houses, and a Friends' meeting house which was built on the hill at the north entrance. One straight street

ran through the village, the houses not being compact, as a farm which ran back was generally attached to each dwelling. The south extremity of the village terminated at the foot of a long hill, the ascent of which measured more than a mile. This hill, usually known by the name of Hallock's Hill, commanded an extensive view in every direction, and from its summit the movements of the fleet could, by the aid of a spy-glass, be plainly discerned, when the breeze dissipated the cloud of smoke which shrouded the view. The street was filled with horses, wagons, and carriages of all descriptions, in readiness at a moment's warning to fly and keep before the enemy. Foot passengers, helpless women and children of all ages and sexes, thronged the road, who, having no means of conveyance, and alarmed by the report of Indians, with a few necessities tied in a handkerchief, had left their little all a prey to the marauding soldiery. Mrs. Stanley looked out of the window and recognized many of her old neighbours, shawled and bonneted, seated in their wagons and gigs, only waiting for the *next express* to confirm the *last* intelligence before they drove off. A bow of recognition and a thoughtless "where is your wagon? it is time you was ready," greeted her from various quarters. A sudden and overwhelming sense of her own utter helplessness came over her—her heart was full, and she turned from the window to conceal her agitation. At that moment the voice of the express chained her to the spot—"Our troops are retreating, all is confusion, they are flying before the enemy in every direction, the village of Salmon River is in ashes, the enemy has crossed the river—he will penetrate into

the heart of the country and overrun it!" As he ceased, a loud shout from the populace announced it was time to start—and "to horse" was the general cry!

How felt the heart of that poor lone one, at that awful moment? Still, pale, and almost powerless, she sank upon a seat, and as the heavy and constant roar of the cannon came booming over the waters, and reverberated from the hills, seeming to shake the firm foundations of the earth, she cast her eye upon her husband and babes in speechless agony. The report of small arms, as they were discharged in quick succession, confirmed the worst fears of the frightened fugitives, and they hastened to put a greater distance between themselves and the enemy, whom they supposed was at hand. Several ladies now came into Mrs. Stanley's room, and entreated her if she had any regard for her own life or the life of her children, to prepare for instant flight. "Do not, my dear madam," said *one*, "sacrifice the whole family for the sake of one member, and *he cannot* live long at any rate—dear Mrs. Stanley your husband is dying, and can you answer it to your conscience to expose yourself and these children to the tomahawk and scalping-knife, for the sake of one who is now, to all appearance, just expiring?" Mrs. Stanley pressed her hand upon her throbbing temples, and pointed to the bed where her apparently dying husband lay; she was understood. As the lady turned to leave her, a loud shriek from little Charles made the blood curdle in her veins; what new calamity was approaching? The child sprang into her arms: "Oh mamma, let us go! let us go; the naughty Indians will kill us all: let us go!"

At the scream of the child the benevolent *Friend* (for she was one of that sect) again turned to Mrs. Stanley and said, "although thou remain thyself, wilt thou not, my friend, permit me to take thy children with me? I will treat them as tenderly as if they were my own; the separation will not be long; I will keep before the enemy, and go no farther than prudence dictates, in order to do so." Mrs. Stanley's heart was too full to reply; she could only look her gratitude. She soothed the fears of the child, and extending her arms to the little girls, who rushed to her bosom—"My children!" said the agitated mother, "I cannot make this choice for you; here lies your sick father; if I leave him even for an hour, he dies; if I stay and nurse him he may get well. I shall never leave him! This kind lady will take you, and take care of you until the siege is raised; will you go? or do you prefer staying with papa and mamma?" Louisa with a composed and firm voice, spoke first: "Mamma, I will never, never leave you." "Anna," said Mrs. Stanley, "had not you better take Charles and go?" "Dear mamma," she replied, "do not send us from you." "But if the Indians should come, my child!" Fixing her speaking eyes upon her mother's face, Anna replied, "Mamma, *God is here*." "Yes, mamma," rejoined Louisa, "did you not tell us yesterday, that God was everywhere! and that he could, if he chose, turn aside the tomahawk of the Indians as easily as he can keep us safe during the thunder-shower? Oh mamma, you said God would take care of us; then why are you afraid?" Mrs. Stanley was confounded; her mouth was shut; self-condemned, she looked with amazement upon the young and con-

finding Christians, and as she again folded them to her bosom, said, "You have taught me a lesson of faith, my children, which I shall never forget: we will live and die together!" "Oh, Father in heaven, I thank thee that thou hast given me such comforters in my extremity! from the lips of these sweet babes has my want of faith been reprov'd. Then why am I afraid? because I have not thy faith, thy confiding love, my child!" "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief," she mentally exclaimed. Grateful for kindness so unexpected, so unlooked for in a stranger, Mrs. Stanley again attempted to express her thanks. The good lady was earnest in her entreaties that she would trust the children to her care until after the siege was raised. "It will go hard," said the generous stranger, "if I do not obtain some means of finding out where thou art, and restoring thy children to thee." A hasty summons to the wagon called this kind benevolent woman away. She saw Mrs. Stanley was firm, and ceased her importunity; they parted—and never met again.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. STANLEY trembled for the effects of this confusion upon her husband, although he manifested no consciousness that any thing unusual was going on. When his wife asked him a question relating to any of his little comforts, he would languidly open his eyes, and reply in a monosyllable so faintly, that she

was obliged to put her ear down close to his face to understand him; yet she knew his mind no longer wandered. She trembled also for the fate of her little ones, although Louisa's artless reproof constantly dwelt upon her mind, and she repeatedly said to herself, "yes, God is everywhere! and he will protect the lowest of his creatures:" yet she often had cause to apply that exclamation of our Saviour to herself—"Oh ye of little faith!" Her dread of the savages was great, and when she thought of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, the cold perspiration would stand upon her brow, and she would tremble as if in an ague-fit.

The kind Quakeress, at whose house Mrs. Stanley was now staying, had often told her that no emergency would induce her to leave home; conceive then, the surprise of the poor distressed lady, when Mrs. G—— came into her room with her bonnet and gloves on. "Well, friend Margaret," said she, "shall I bid David get thy horse and wagon for thee?" "Madam!" said Mrs. Stanley, in perfect amazement. She repeated the question. Mrs. Stanley said, "by no means, madam!" The good woman proceeded: "Margaret, thou must fly with thy neighbours, and take thy children; what will become of thee, if on finding thyself unprotected, the soldiers should insult thee, or if the Indians should come, as we expect?" "Madam, look there!" said the astonished Mrs. Stanley, casting at the same time a look of anguish on the bed, where her apparently dying husband was lying. "Yes—yes, it's bad enough; but David will be here; he will give him drink, and a spoonful of nourishment now and then, and it may be, we shall come back to-

morrow." Mrs. Stanley was silent, and Mrs. G—— probably thought she was deliberating, and proceeded: "would'st thou bear to see these children murdered and mangled before thine eyes?" The poor little things looked pale with terror, and clung close to their mother. Mrs. Stanley felt it was time to put an end to this scene, and rising from her seat, said in as firm a voice as she could command, "*I cannot go, madam.*" "But thou wilt listen to reason, Margaret; true, it is hard to leave thy husband, but what canst thou do here alone?" "I will appeal to the humanity of the British officers; *they* will shield me from insult; they are, or ought to be gentlemen; they surely will grant me the protection which no man of honour can refuse to a helpless female!" "Margaret, I fear thou art trusting to poor security; do, I beg of thee, go!" "Entreat me not! there is my answer, madam," said she rising and pointing to her husband; "I cannot go! God has left me no choice, and *He* will protect me!" Mrs. G—— extended her hand, and Mrs. Stanley saw the trembling in her eye. "Well, if thou wilt not be persuaded for thy own good, I must bid thee farewell, and may *God* help thee!" The good man, who had been a silent listener to what had passed, now stepped forward, and said, "Fare thee well *thou lonely one*, and may *God indeed help thee*. I fear thou wilt greatly need it:" and shaking her hand affectionately, they left the room. In a moment more little Charles was at the window, watching the progress of the receding wagon, which was taking away uncle and aunty G——, as he always called them.

Mrs. Stanley had made great exertions to maintain her composure during this dialogue, while the pale

and agitated faces of the children added to her distress. The struggle over, she sank on a chair exhausted and covered her face with her hands to conceal the tears which were streaming down her pale and grief-worn face; Anna and Louisa knelt by her side; Louisa's head resting on her lap while Charles continued at the window to see the bonny horses go, child-like, forgetting in the raree-show, his own individual sorrows.

Mrs. Stanley spoke to her husband; he seemed sensible of her attentions, but too weak to open his eyes: she put a tea-spoonful of beef-tea into his mouth, which revived him, and he faintly said, "Margaret, I am a very sick man!" The sound of his voice thrilled through her heart—she had so long listened to the ravings of delirium, or watched over him as one, the sound of whose voice was for ever hushed in this world, that every accent, though feeble as the wailings of a new-born infant, fell like soft music over her soul. He was *certainly better*, she was *sure* of it. Hope now filled her heart; her husband *was saved*.

Although since nine o'clock there had been one incessant explosion of cannon from the fort and fleet, he had taken no notice of it; but now as the sound reverberated from the hills, and the echoes rolled along, he opened his eyes and looked wildly around as if for the first time conscious that something unusual was taking place. The carriages and wagons drove rapidly on towards Hallock's Hill. When Mrs. Stanley saw the last wagon, which contained her kind landlady, drive away, she did indeed feel that she was *alone*. The air seemed heavy with smoke, and the constant bombardment which had been kept up two

long hours, left a tenfold impression of awe and solemnity upon her mind, as the noise of the wagons and the hum of voices ceased. She had often tried to ascertain whether Dr. Stanley was conscious of the events which were going on, and sometimes thought he was, but that his extreme debility prevented a manifestation of his feelings. She had not however, been able to satisfy herself on the subject until within a few minutes; she was now convinced. But oh! he was so feeble it would require months of unceasing care to restore him, if he ever did recover.

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of that young and delicate woman, surrounded by her three infant children and sick husband, every moment expecting the entrance of a hostile army; she, the only female left in the place, except little Polly; every possible insult and degradation to which she might be exposed had been set in frightful array before her—timid to excess by nature, she seemed to be sustained by some invisible power: her mind was more composed than it had been at any former period since their flight from Plattsburgh. Anna's remark, "Mamma, God is here," followed by Louisa's question, "Mamma, if God is here, why are you afraid?" was ever present to her mind. And had she not, above all women, reason to bless God for the manifestations of his protecting care? Had she not been within the last few months supported under trials that would have crushed almost any other woman; and she the weakest, the most sensitive, and most feeble of human beings? At times when reflecting upon her various dangers and escapes, in her enthusiasm she had almost fancied she saw the arm of the Almighty stretched out to save

her. What but his Divine interposition could have preserved her, when a few months before she had been thrown from a carriage; and her babe killed? Why was she saved? She had held her child in her arms until the violence of the shock, as she struck the ground, caused her arms to relax, and the little creature to rebound and receive its death; and why was she spared? She felt that her work was not yet finished; she had high and holy duties to perform, which in due time would be revealed to her; the Almighty had made *her* life his peculiar care, and now she awaited the manifestations of his pleasure towards her. She feared not for her own life: neither did she fear abuse—she was under the protection of the King of kings, and who should dare insult her? When this strong excitement had in a measure subsided, she began to reflect upon what course she was to adopt in case the British came. There was but one course for her to pursue, that was, calmly and quietly to await their coming, then, as soon as possible seek an interview with the commander, frankly state her situation, and claim his protection. This course held out a prospect of obtaining medical aid for her husband; “who knows,” said she, clasping her hands in the enthusiasm of the moment, “who knows but this very calamity may be the means which God has appointed for his restoration to health?” Again the firmness of her mind was shaken as she reflected upon what would probably be her situation should the commanding officer be a man without principle, regarding neither the laws of God or society; what then would become of her? “Away with these dreadful thoughts,” said she, “they are as unprofitable as they

are unjust and ridiculous—my cause is a holy one, and I shall be sustained. That man does not exist who is base enough to injure a helpless woman, who has cast herself upon his protection—it is folly to suffer myself to be agitated in this way.—Anna, Louisa, come hither; take your little chairs and sit by mamma:” and she exerted herself to get up and maintain a conversation on cheerful subjects, anxious to withdraw the minds of her children from the fearful picture which had been presented in such glowing colours half an hour before. Never did her children seem half so dear or look half so lovely as they had done that day—they had behaved like little angels. Polly stood at the window with Charlie, pointing out the bonny horses, as he called them, of good Mr. G——. The little fellow was in high spirits, having forgotten the Indians, the knife, and all that alarmed him a few minutes before.

Of a sudden, the noise of the cannon ceased, and for a few moments the stillness of death succeeded the long continued roar; when a shout which seemed to rend the air, startled and appalled Mrs. Stanley. She flew to the window. Toward the summit of the long hill as far as the eye could extend, were seen wagons, gigs, horsemen, and foot-passengers, their faces again turned toward “Zoar,” the city of refuge. They had halted in their course, and the shouts of “*victory*,” “*victory* to the American fleet,” rose loudly upon the ear. Dr. Stanley had for some minutes lain so still, so motionless, that his ever watchful wife doubted whether he was conscious of what was going on, when to her surprise, as the shouts of victory came louder and more near, he opened his eyes, and slowly

raising his feeble hand for the first time, distinctly articulated, "for this, O God, I thank thee!" and exhausted by the effort, again sank into the inanimate state from which he had been for the moment aroused. Anna and Louisa, aware that some important event had taken place, not knowing which party had gained the victory, flew to the side of their agitated mother. "Oh mamma, what is it?" "Oh, is it Indians?" said Charlie, the bright tear glistening in his little eye. "Oh tell us, mamma," said Louisa. "My children," said Mrs. Stanley, "we are saved; the Americans have conquered; give praise and honour and glory where it is due; let your young voices be raised in gratitude to God, who has fought our battles, the Omnipotent Jehovah!" It is impossible to describe her emotions at that moment. Her feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; her heart was full to overflowing. The lion of England is now prostrate before the eagle of America, which still spreads its protecting wings over this land of freemen. The star-spangled banner still waves in proud defiance on the ramparts of the fort, and the fleet of our own glorious M'Donough now rides victorious on the waves of Champlain. These were her reflections as she again clasped her children to her bosom, and exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, oh my children; for all his mercies bless his holy name!" Carriages came rolling back; horses prancing as if they themselves partook of the general joy. The crowd seemed almost frantic. Many on the summit of that hill had seen the pride of England bow to M'Donough's standard. Poor Mrs. Stanley's excitement and fatigue had been so great, that she was completely overcome; she

trembled in every limb. . When the loud voice of the express again claimed her attention, all was confirmed, and she clasped her little ones by turns to her bosom in ecstasy.

Dr. Stanley slowly recovered, and the latter end of October saw her little group assembled around their own fireside, and a happy circle they formed, although the desolating footsteps of an invading army had stalked around their dwelling; although the house and garden, fruit trees, shrubs, and enclosures, all presented one scene of ruin, yet still they were a happy group. The shelter, the *bare shelter* of their much loved home remained. The husband and father was restored. The sufferings they had endured had endeared them the more to each other, and although inconvenienced by their losses, their hearts were too full of gratitude for present blessings, to permit them to repine at the calamities which they could not prevent.

R U T H.

RUTH.

THE voice of wailing sadly rose
Upon the midnight air,
The palace walls, all hung with black,
Told there was sorrow there.

For in that princely mansion lay
The cold remains of one
Early cut off, in manhood's prime,
The husband and the son.

Friends, in the chamber of the dead,
Stand silent, in dismay,
While hired mourners pour their wail
O'er the unconscious clay.

Behold the melancholy group
Assembled at his side;
His aged mother Naomi,
And Ruth, his princely bride.

Young Chilion's widow weeping stands
Beside the fainting Ruth,
Essaying every tender art
Her anguish'd heart to soothe.

She, like some tender drooping flow'r
Torn by the blast away,
Upon her mother's faithful breast
Poor Ruth in anguish lay.

Naomi was a noble dame,
In Bethlehem-Judah born;
The bride of young Elimelech
In life's fair, cloudless morn.

Not cloudless long! the tempest rose,
And threatened to destroy
The fortunes of this virtuous pair,
With all their promised joy.

Pale famine, with his meagre hand,
Filled every heart with grief;
Thousands were starving in the land—
Where shall they seek relief?

Beyond proud Jordan's rolling stream
The plains of Moab lie:
Its fertile valleys, hills and groves
Are pleasant to the eye.

Israël is subject to the king
Who conquered in his might;
And would not Bethlehem's suffering sons
Find favour in his sight?

Naomi meekly bowed her head
Beneath the painful stroke;
Then raised her mild and tearful eye,
As to her lord she spoke:

“True—we must leave our native land,
And all we hold most dear,
And seek upon a foreign strand
The bread we find not here.

“But oh! Elimelech, my lord,
Thou wilt be with me there;
Mahlon and Chilion, noble sons,
Our exile too will share.

“Why should Naomi then repine?
The God of Israel reigns
In heathen Moab’s fruitful lands
As in Judea’s plains.”

’Twas on a bright and sunny morn,
With heavy hearts they left
The much loved plains of Bethlehem,
Of hope and joy bereft.

They bade a long and sad farewell,
While fervently they pray
That Judah’s God will guide their march
Upon their joyless way.

At length the exiles wound their path
Around the city wall,
Naomi rallied all her strength
Her spirits to recall.

And Moab opened wide his gate
A welcome to bestow;
That lofty step, that stately port
A man of rank doth show.

And Naomi, his virtuous wife,
Her gentleness of mien,
Her polished manners so refined,
Would well befit a queen.

His elegant, accomplished sons,
So beautiful and bold,
Found favour in King Eglon's eyes;
With lords they were enrolled.

Among the nobles of the land
They grace his festive board,
They share the honours of his court,
Which freely round them poured.

The monarch gave to Mahlon's arms
His peerless daughter Ruth;
As rich in virtue as in charms
In modesty and truth.

To Chilion he a noble maid
Of royal lineage gave;
The beauteous Orpah loved the youth,
For he was good and brave.

Naomi blessed her father's God
For all his mercies shown
To her and all her exiled house,
When strangers and alone.

Alas! how short-lived was their joy;
The blast of war blew shrill;
The sword of desolation flew
O'er mountain, dale and hill.

The mighty Eglon was dethroned
By Ehud's strength and power,
And death and carnage hovered round
Each battlement and tower.

Elimelech—the life and light
Of poor Naomi's eye—
And Chilion, beautiful and brave,
Within the cold grave lie!

Their *all* was lost, their vast estates
Passed into stranger hands,
Their lands, their jewels, and their wealth,
A prey to ruffian bands.

Mahlon, of all their house, was left
The females to maintain,
And well his noble nature strove
His duties to sustain.

At length the fatal summons came,
And Mahlon too must die!
Oh! where in this extremity
Shall poor Naomi fly?

For *him* the palace walls were hung
With dark and sad array;
For him ascends the funeral wail,
O'er this his lifeless clay!

And Ruth, the lovely, suffering Ruth!
Oh! whither shall she turn?
Cold is that bosom, still that heart;
She must forever mourn!

Naomi's lofty spirit rose
As high the billows roll,
The Rock of Ages stayed her feet,
Sustained her sinking soul.

Poor Ruth! with face and lip as pale
As Mahlon's lifeless clay,
Upon his tender mother's lap
Almost as lifeless lay.

"Arise, my sweet, my gentle Ruth,"
The fond Naomi cried,
"Arise, my fair, my widow'd love,
My Mahlon's faithful bride!

"I cannot bear to see thee thus,
My bright and peerless one;
Live to support this aged frame
Till my sad race is run!"

Feebly she raised her drooping head,
To hear the fond appeal
Of the dear mother of her lord,
Then at her feet did kneel;

"Mother of Mahlon! hear my vow,
In this sad presence made—
To thee I'll cling through weal and woe,
Till by his side I'm laid!

"With every mem'ry of the past
Thy image is replete,
And all the happy hours I've spent
In our once loved retreat:

“Oh! never will those days return,
For, sealed in cheerless night
Are the familiar forms I loved,
And banished from my sight;

“With thee I’ve wept in cold despair,
Over his silent bier;
My life to thee I now devote
Thy future days to cheer!”

Fair Orpah marked with wondering eyes
Naomi’s bearing high,
And marvelled what Almighty power
Suppress’d the heaving sigh.

This high-soul’d woman stood erect
Amid the raging storm,
While sorrow rankled in a heart
With generous feelings warm:

Like some tall tree she firmly stands,
Nor bowed beneath the blast;
’Twas hers to prop that falling house
Which now was sinking fast.

The honours of their ancient name
Must be revived in Ruth;
Elimelech, her lord, was dead,
And both her sons in youth:

Their lineage now became extinct,
Their house without a name:
In Judah, Ruth again might wed,
And thus revive their fame.

She sat beside the silent bier
Of her last, cherished one,
Her bosom torn with anguish keen,
Her thoughts revealed to none:

The images of other days
Came rushing on her brain,
Her former joys, her happy home
And all her infant train:

In fancy then she view'd each form,
And heard each dear loved voice:
"I will return to Judah's land,
The Lord directs my choice!

"And when the last sad rites are paid
To my beloved son,
I'll set my face tow'rd Bethlehem;
Great God! thy will be done!"

The dust to the cold earth consigned,
A mournful train is found,
Three loaded camels ready stand
To Bethlehem-Judah bound.

How felt the damsels as they pass'd
That noble palace gate?
That palace, where the Princess Ruth
Once sat in all her state?

And Orpah's charms unconscious shone
'Mid countless damsels fair,
A host of nobles in her train
Contend her smiles to share.

Around a hillock's grassy side
The travellers wound their way;
The last rays of the setting sun
Shone on departing day.

The mournful cavalcade drew up
Beneath a friendly shade,
While they prepared their simple meal
And parching thirst allayed.

The scene was desolate and grand!
The Dead Sea lay before
All sternly dark, and motionless
It seemed from shore to shore.

The weeping sisters on the scene
In silent sadness gazed!
Naomi, with a mournful smile
Her speaking features raised:

“My daughters—lo! observe yon sea
Now stretched before your eye;
Far, far beyond, the distant hills
Of my loved Judah lie:

“My home! my own, my dear loved home
Do I behold once more!
Again descry her distant hills
And view old Jordan's shore?

“Lord, thou hast heard my fervent prayer,
I thank thee, oh my God!
Though smarting still beneath the stroke
Of thy chastising rod.”

No marvel the young strangers shrunk
From the cold, cheerless sight
Presented by the distant glimpse
In sunset's flickering light:

They turned, and with a deep drawn sigh
Gazed o'er the lovely land
Where Moab rose in all her pride
With vales and mountains grand!

The silver Arno's glittering waves
Adorned the distant scene,
While towers and temples all arose
Lit with the sun's last beam.

"Return!" the sad Naomi cried,
"My daughters, oh! return—
This selfish sorrow must not crush
These blossoms in their germ!"

Again the widowed mother prest
Each loved one to her heart,
Again she kissed their fair young cheeks.
And wept that they must part.

The Princess Ruth in anguish hung
Upon her aged breast,
While the sweet Orpah's flowing tears
No longer were repressed.

Then Ruth,—“Pray suffer us to go,
And oh! forbid it not:
We long to visit that loved land,
That ever hallowed spot,

“Where our dear husbands’ infant eyes
First opened on the light,
And gave thy fond maternal heart
A promise fair and bright.”

In all the dignity of grief
The mourning mother said,
“Go back! my daughters, oh! return;
In me all hope is dead:

“No future husband e’er shall bless
These widowed arms again,
No future sons again shall rise
My loved ones to sustain.

“Go back! and wed some noble youth
To thine own house allied,
Pledge him thy faithfulness and truth,
And flourish at his side.”

Again the burning tears bedewed
The lovely Orpah’s face,
As, turning to the widowed dame
With all her native grace,

Upon that ever faithful breast
Her beauteous head she bowed,
And wending towards her native land
She wept and sobbed aloud.

How looked the sweet and gentle Ruth
When Orpah moves to go?
She hangs upon Naomi’s neck
And fast the tear-drops flow.

“Behold! thy sister hath gone back,
Thy people shall rejoice;
Go thou, dear Ruth! To Israel’s God
Thou *there* may’st raise thy voice.”

“Mother—dear mother! urge me not,
I cannot leave thee now;
To follow thee through future life
I’ve made a solemn vow; .

“Whither thou goest I will go,
I’ll lodge where thou dost lie,
Thy people shall *my* people be,
And to thy God I’ll cry;

“And I will die where *thou* dost die,
And buried there I’ll be;
Witness the Lord of heaven and earth
If aught part thee and me.”

Naomi raised her tearful eyes
Upon Ruth’s beaming face,
And there, the firm, the high resolve
With rapture she could trace:

She seized her fair and yielding hand
And pressed it to her heart—
“My Mahlon’s bride, my own sweet Ruth,
Oh! may we *never* part!”

Arrived at Bethlehem, who shall paint
The feelings which oppressed
The hearts of those lone wanderers
As strangers round them press’d.

“Is this Naomi! can it be?”

The aged men exclaim:

“Call me not thus, from this time forth

Shall Mara be my name!

“The Lord in anger hath chastised,

And filled my cup with woe,

I drank it to the very dregs,

Though it did overflow.

“I went out full, the Lord hath caused

Me empty to return,

Blighted my fondest, dearest hopes,

And made my soul to mourn!”

The gentle partner of her cares,

The timid, trusting Ruth

Now strove by all her soothing arts

To show her love and truth.

The blasts of poverty blew keen

Around these helpless ones,

Fortune and friends, and all were lost

With husband, and with sons.

’Twas autumn, and the harvest fields

Waved rich in golden grain,

When the young matron hied her forth

A sustenance to gain.

With modest step and downcast eye,

She joined the reaper throng,

A gleaner in those very fields

Which should to her belong.

With eager care the timid maid
Collects each scattered grain,
When lo! the master of the field
Appears amid his train.

At his approach all hearts beat light,
The servants loved their lord;
And every man with pleasure bowed
To catch the kindly word.

“The Lord be with you, faithful ones,”
Burst from his lips revered;
“The Lord bless *thee*,” was the response
Which this good master cheered.

His stately form and bearing spoke
A man of high descent,
While to his broad and lofty brow
The fires of youth were lent:

In his dark intellectual eye
The high resolve you trace,
While pure benevolence diffused
A softness o’er his face:

A tunic of the finest wool,
Of bright cerulean blue,
The silken girdle, wrought in gold,
And flowers of crimson hue:

A mantle of the finest web
Which Persia could bestow,
Falling in soft and graceful folds,
The man of rank doth show.

Ruth's dignified and modest mien,
Her air, so full of grace,
Filled with surprise the wondering man,
Who stooped to view her face:

He marvelled at the queenly form,
So delicate and fair;
That downcast eye, so pure its beam,
Well nigh transfixed him there.

He, wondering, to the reapers turned,
And asked the maiden's name:
"The Moabitish damsel Ruth,
Who with Naomi came;

"She asked permission but to glean
Among the sheaves *to-day*,
This granted, she from early morn
Has toiled without delay."

A shade passed suddenly across
His broad and manly brow—
"*Her* husband was my nearest kin,
I must protect her now."

His generous bosom swelled with pride
As he the maid address'd—
"Mark me, my daughter! here abide,
This be thy place of rest;

"Go not into another field
To meet contempt and scorn,
A something whispers to my heart
Thou wert not meanly born;

“Go not into another field,
Glean near my maidens, now,
For I have charged my reaper train
Thy labour to allow.

“When thou art weary with thy toil,
Here’s water to revive
Thy fainting heart, yet all too young
With the cold world to strive.”

‘The princess lowly bowed her head,
And kneeling at his feet,
With the pure blush of innocence,
Thank’d him, in accents sweet:

“My gracious lord! why is it thus
Thy favour I have found?
I am a stranger in the land,
On mournful mission bound.”

With strong emotion ill concealed,
“A stranger!” Boaz cried,
“Have I not heard the well earned praise
Of Mahlon’s virtuous bride?

“Thou hast sustained the feeble steps
Of one we long have loved,
The mother of thy noble lord;
Thy virtue hath been proved.

“The Lord shall recompense thy work,
A full reward be thine,
The favour of the King of kings,
Protection all divine!

“The blessings of the Lord shall rest
Upon thy youthful head,
Under the shadow of his wings
Thou shalt securely tread!”

In modest accents Ruth replied—
“Oh, thou most noble lord!
Much consolation have I found
From every gentle word,

“Which in thy goodness thou hast said
To a lone widowed one,
Whose only treasure is a name
As yet, defamed by none.”

He kindly bade her join his group
Of reapers at their meals,
Eat of their bread, drink of their cup,
And glean within their fields.

And when she left their harvest field
He gave his young men charge
To drop some sheaves upon the ground,
And let her glean at large.

She toiled till evening in the field,
And then beat out the grain;
An ephah, sure, of barley corn
Her basket did contain!

“Where hast thou gleaned to-day, my love,
Whose favour didst thou gain?
Blessings upon his noble head,
Thou hast not toiled in vain.”

“His name is Boáz”—said the maid—
The matron, in surprise,
Clasped both her pale and withered hands,
And raised her streaming eyes.

“The Lord of Israel be praised!
Whose loving kindness still
Doth rest upon our falling house;
Let us perform his will!

“This mighty man in Bethlehem,
This Israelite indeed,
Is kinsman to Elimelech,
And proves a friend in need!”

“Mother!” said Ruth, “he bade me keep,
Throughout the harvest moon,
Fast by his maidens and young men,
And glean till all was done.”

“I charge thee, daughter, to abide
By this his known desire;
Attend his maidens in the toil,
And do what they require.

“I would not have him see thee glean
In any other field;
For he has given his vassals charge
Thy innocence to shield.”

’Twas eve—and seated at her board,
Naomi thus began:
“Thy beauty and thy innocence
Attract this virtuous man.

“ This night he winnows barley
Upon the threshing floor;
Go, wash thy face, anoint thy head,
And slip within the door.

“ *He* is our near and valued kin,
He will admit our claim;
Be wise, and steal the door within,
Let no one know your aim.

“ And it shall be, when he lies down,
That thou the spot shalt mark;
Go, raise the covering from his feet,
And lie down in the dark.

“ And when he wakens, dearest Ruth,
And finds to his surprise
His kinsman’s widow at his feet,
He will at once arise.

“ Our fallen fortunes he’ll retrieve,
Restore our ancient right,
And thus acknowledge the appeal
Made in thy name this night.”

Then Ruth arose, and washed her face,
And modestly arrayed,
Set forth to gain the threshing-floor,
As her fond mother bade.

When Boaz left the merry feast,
The straw a couch supplied;
She from his feet the covering raised,
And laid her by his side.

At midnight he awoke from sleep—
The brave man shook with fear—
His very heart within him quailed
To find a woman there.

“Who art thou? on what errand bent?”
“Behold, ’tis Ruth!” she cried:
“Protect me, kinsman! for alone
In this wide world I bide.

“Oh! shield me from the storms of life,
Thy mantle o’er me spread;
My husband was thy kinsman, lord,
And he hath long been dead!”

“Oh! blest, thrice blessed daughter! *thou*
Henceforth shall be my care;
The *widow* of Elimelech
My favour, too, shall share:

“*Thy* wisdom is beyond thy years,
Thou hast discretion shown;
The young and gay thou hast not sought,
But looked to me alone.

“Name but thy wish, and I will grant
Whate’er thou dost require;
Thy virtues and thy truth are known,
What more can I desire?

“And now, my daughter, fear thou not,
For surely of a truth
I am thy husband’s nearest kin;
Compose thee, gentle Ruth.

“I do mistake; there’s still is one
Of nearer kin than I;
If he’ll perform a kinsman’s part,
Thou must on him rely.

“Soon as the eastern sun shall gild
Our city with his rays,
I’ll see this man;—if he consent,
He but our law obeys.

“Should he refuse, then fear thou not,
I will thy guardian prove;
A kinsman’s part I will perform
In honour and in love.

“Lie down, sweet Ruth, till morning break,
Depart before ’tis light!
I would not give malicious tongues
The power thy fame to blight.”

He gave her barley to sustain
Her mother’s fainting heart,
And with a new assurance said,
“I’ll act a kinsman’s part.”

Then left the threshing-floor, and sought
His noble kinsman’s home,
Who cheerfully resigned his claim
To the lone widowed one.

Then he proceeded to the gate,
The elders all arrayed;
And there proclaimed his fixed resolve
To wed the stranger maid!

“I’ll purchase all ‘her husband’s land,
And *she* shall be my wife;
And in *this* presence here, I vow
To shield her with my life.

“To Mahlon I’ll raise up a name
In future story great—
Acknowledged in his ancient hall,
And on his vast estate.”

Then all the people gave a shout,
And poured their blessings down
Upon this good and upright man,
Who should have worn a crown!

And Ruth, the *noble Princess* Ruth,
Became the wife of *one*,
Trusted and honoured in the land,
And bore to him a son.

How throbbed the aged mother’s heart
As she beheld, with pride,
The firstborn son of her loved Ruth
Now nestling at her side!

She laid him on her faithful breast,
Her eyes o’erflowed with joy,
And viewed her future comforter
In this beloved boy.

A pious matron in the land
Stepped forth with bearing high,
As with prophetic spirit, she
These marvels did descry.

“Naomi! raise thy drooping head,
Pour forth the song of praise!
Peace, happiness and joy attend
Upon thy future days!

“His mother’s virtues shall descend
Upon this infant head,
A sevenfold blessing he will prove,
Although *thy sons* be dead.

“*He* shall sustain thy wasted strength,
Resuscitate thine age,
Restore the honours of thy house,
And rule with wisdom sage.

“And from his loins there shall descend
A blessing on the race
Of fallen man, who, from *his* birth,
Shall their Redemption trace!”

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THUS PASSETH THE GLORY OF THE WORLD.

WHY dost thou slumber, oh! my soul,
'Mid scenes so vain and false as these?
The wheels of time full swiftly roll,
And pleasures lose their power to please!

Life and its glories pass away,
The charms of nature—power of song;
Each beauty hastens to decay,
While death steals silently along.

Our pleasures glide so swiftly by,
We scarcely feel their magic power,
Grief for their loss impels the sigh,
Which would prolong the fleeting hour.

Oh! let delusive hope no more
Cheat our fond hearts with dreams of bliss,
Those golden dreams, in days of yore,
Were bright with scenes of happiness.

But they have floated down the stream
Which must o'erwhelm our present joys:
This life is but a varied dream,
And all its pleasures trifling toys.

Death levels all distinctions here—
The glittering crown, and humble head,
The eye undimmed by sorrow's tear,
All,—all are numbered with the dead.

Where is the beauty which could charm,
To infant softness, manhood's pride?
And where the boasted strength of form,
Which could the ills of life deride?

Lost in the tomb is all our pride!
Our grandeur, and our love of fame:
The mean and noble side by side,
Affinity to dust must claim!

Then why pursue these fleeting joys?
Their power is transient; short their zest;
I turn disgusted from such toys,
And look toward my heavenly rest.

Awake then, oh my slumbering soul!
Let all thy warm affections rise,
To that great source, that wondrous whole,
Whose throne of glory is the skies!

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER MARGARET,

AGED EIGHT YEARS.

Awake! dear Margaret, rise, my love!
The songsters warble in each grove;
Awake, my child! and early pay
Thy homage to the god of day!

Oh! haste, and join thy infant song
Of grateful praise, with the gay throng,
Who daily tune their sweetest lays
To chant their great Creator's praise.

Behold! the blessings which his hand hath spread,
View this green carpet, yon gay flow'ring bed—
Here the sweet rose its richest fragrance sends,
And *there* the modest rivulet lowly bends.

See that majestic river wind its way,
Mingling its waters in yon noble bay!
Those beauteous isles, like gems upon the wave,
Long famed in story, as the Hero's grave.

See mount on mount, in grand succession rise!
Till lost in clouds, they mingle with the skies;
Lo! all these wonders rose at God's command,
All bear the impress of his mighty hand!

Come, view them, dearest, let thy young heart glow
With love to *Him*, from whom all blessings flow;
He gave thee life, and health, and tender friends,
On *Him* thy comfort every day depends:

In *Him* you live and breathe, in *Him* you move;
Then praise Him, child, for all his wondrous love!
Oh! let thy song, like sacred incense rise
In hallelujahs to the lofty skies!

EASTER HYMN.

This day our blessed Saviour rose
Triumphant o'er his cruel foes!
Burst the dark bondage of the grave
The Lord omnipotent to save!

Blest be this day, for ever blest
This sacred day of holy rest!
Banish, my heart, each earthly care,
Let heaven alone have entrance there.

Oh! may no earth-born passion rest,
This holy day, within my breast!
But may the treasures of thy word
Refresh my heart, most gracious Lord!

Revive this weak and languid frame
With pure devotion's sacred flame,
And raise my soul to God above,
The source of comfort, light, and love!

PARAPHRASE OF THE SEVENTH CHAPTER
OF JOB.

Our days are numbered here below,
And filled with vanity and pain;
The lingering moments pass too slow;
But this impatience is in vain.

Restless I pass the weary night,
And long for morning's cheerful dawn;
But morning's sunbeams, dazzling bright,
Cannot bring peace, when health has flown.

My days of pain fly swiftly on,
As shuttle from the weaver's hand;
Soon will this weary race be run,
And I be swept from off the land.

Reviving hope has ceased to cheer
The anguish of my tortured heart;
There's naught but pain and sorrow here,
Oh! gracious God—let me depart!

When to my couch I restless fly,
I find no ray of comfort there—
Visions of darkness terrify
My wounded spirit, spent with care.

Oh! heavenly Father, end my life!
I loathe it, and would now resign
These days of vanity and strife—
Oh! God, I would be wholly thine

My breath is like a passing cloud,
Borne on the boist'rous northern gale;
My wailings, nightly, loud resound
Throughout my own, my native vale!

Oh! what is man, poor feeble man,
That he should merit thy regard?
His longest date is but a span,
With suffering, pain, and anguish marr'd!

Why should'st thou visit him each morn,
And ev'ry passing moment try
His wayward faith, and prove how strong
His hopes on heaven and Thee rely?

I have sinned—thou great preserver!
Pardon my transgressions, Lord!
My pilgrimage will soon be over,
Teach me to rest upon thy word!

“I ASCEND UNTO MY FATHER AND YOUR
FATHER, MY GOD AND YOUR GOD.”

“Say, Mary, why these flowing tears?
Lone one, why dost thou weep?
Mourn not the errors of past years,
But let their mem'ry sleep.

“Thy penitence hath washed away
The crimes of early youth,
And through affliction, paved the way
To virtue, peace, and truth.

“Then why those tears? Oh! tell me why
Does grief contract thy brow?”

“Oh! canst thou not the cause descry?
Where is my Saviour now?

“Where hast thou laid my blessed Lord?
Why hast thou borne him hence?
His sacred relics I would guard
With love and penitence.”

“Mary!”—a well-known voice replied,
Which thrilled her inmost soul;
She turned, and filled with wonder, cried
“My *Master*, I behold!”

Oh! how her heart with rapture glowed
And burned with sacred fire,
When the soft accents gently flowed
Which faith and hope inspire!

“Oh! touch me not;—I have not yet
Ascended to my throne,
At *His* right hand I take my seat,
My Father, and *thine* own!

“Oh! Mary, haste, the tidings spread,
The brethren shall rejoice;
Tell them, though they beheld me dead,
Thyself hast heard my voice.

“Unto my Father I ascend,
Unto thy God and mine:
Oh! let their faith on *me* depend,
My power is all divine.”

Transcendent goodness! wondrous grace!
And godlike was the plan,
Which brought salvation to the race
Of guilty, fallen man!

TO MY DEAR AND BELOVED FRIEND,
MRS. ———.

Oh dearest, could my feeble pen
Express the feelings of my heart,
Or give to verse the soothing charm
Thy presence ever doth impart,

Then would I touch the trembling chord,
And pour forth the full tide of song,
Thine ear should catch the swelling strain
As the sweet numbers roll along.

But my weak lyre in vain essays
To touch the notes to friendship dear;
Trembling it shrinks; the feeble lay
Responds alone to sorrow's tear.

Oh, I would paint in glowing verse
Thy gentle, tender, faithful love
For the dear objects of my care—
Those fair young angels now above.

Oft hast thou watched the germs of thought,
And seen the swelling buds expand,
Inhaled the fragrance of the flowers,
When blooming 'neath my fostering hand.

And thou hast marked the swift decay,
The blight of all my dearest hopes,
And wept to see them fade away,
My fairest, dearest earthly props.

And when my mourning soul looked up
To find some resting place from grief,
Thy gentle voice has led my heart
To the true source of sweet relief.

There, in yon blissful realms of light,
In spotless purity they stand,
Before their Lord and Saviour's throne,
Behold! my fair young angel band.

Their sacred lyres are tuned to sing
The praises of redeeming love;
Their full rich tones melodious join
The saint and seraph choir above.

Oh, dearest, may this mourning heart
E'er hope to join that youthful band
Of angels, in those regions bright,
The pure, the blessed spirit land?

‘ JOB XIX. A PARAPHRASE.

How long will ye afflict my soul,
And break my mourning heart in twain:
Your words, like raging torrents roll,
And add new torture to my pain:

If I have erred, the sin is *mine*,
My errors rest *on me alone*;
Why thus assume the power *divine*
To judge the faults which I bemoan?

Why with such cruelty reproach
Thy friend, bowed down with grief and pain?
Oh! rather light the cheering torch
Of hope within my breast again!

Know ye, that 'tis the hand of God
Has overthrown my strength and power?
And while I wither 'neath His rod,
Should *you* these bitter curses shower?

Why heap on this devoted head
Such cold contempt, and foul reproach?
The path of anguish which *I* tread
Methinks should your compassion touch.

For *He* hath stripped me of my pride,
My strength, ~~my~~ glory, my renown,
My wealth and grandeur laid aside,
And left me of my brilliant crown.

He hath consumed my fairest hopes,
Wither'd my dearest, sweetest joys,
And, like the stately, blasted oak,
My spreading branches he destroys!

My friends, who shared my social board,
And feasted in my splendid hall,
Around me their reproaches pour,
And triumph in my mournful fall:

Their eyes glance coldly on my face,
They scarcely know my altered voice,
I walk a stranger in this place,
The scene of all my former joys:

I call my servants, but receive
No answer to my urgent call;
No sympathy relieves my woe,
'Tis scornful silence with them all!

My wife, who pledged to me her truth,
Her duty, and her fervent love,
And in the happy days of youth
Each care to lighten, daily strove;

Now views with cold, suspicious eye
My alter'd, wan, and wasted form:
I feel my heart within me die,—
Naught to my woe imparts a charm!

Each friend I love, with horror turns
And views me with unfeign'd disgust;
My flesh with raging fever burns,
My mouth is parched with constant thirst.

Oh! let soft pity touch your heart!
 'Tis *God* who deals the heavy blow,
 Beneath *his* chastening hand I smart,
His power hath laid my grandeur low!

Oh! could you read my inmost soul!
 My faith is firm, my hope is strong;
 I *know* that my Redeemer lives,
 And mercy doth to him belong!

Though the dark grave my form shall shroud,
 And worms shall revel on my frame,
I know, I shall behold my God;
 The Great Jehovah is his name!

ON THE DEATH OF MY LAMENTED DAUGHTER, L. M. D.

Thou art gone from among us, so lovely and fair.
 No more shall the sound of thy lyre,
 Through our halls sweetly echo! Still sadness is
 there,
 And gone is the tuneful choir!

Oh, quench'd is that eye-beam, and quench'd is the
 light
 Of sacred "poetical fire,"
 And that genius, which shone so resplendently bright,
 Hath ceased our wrapt souls to inspire!

Sweet spirit of purity! where hast thou flown?
 To what region of light, and of peace?
 To what brilliant planet—say—where is thy home?
 And where do thy wanderings cease?

Art thou borne on the light cloud of evening along
Thro' the azure expanse of heaven?
Or is thy freed soul now number'd among
The beautiful stars of even?

The sound of thy harp-strings steal over my soul
In the sadness and stillness of night;
In strings so celestial the sweet numbers roll,
That my senses are wrapt in delight.

Alas! these are visions, delusive and vain,
Which cheat my fond fancy, and lead me astray;
Oh! teach me, blest cherub, thy loss to sustain
Till I meet thee again in the regions of day.



LINES,

Suggested by receiving a bouquet of rare flowers, with many other attentions, peculiarly grateful to an invalid, suffering by long confinement.

Beautiful blossoms! emblems fair
Of purity and truth!
I love to breathe their fragrance rare,
The gift of happy youth.

Full well I know the generous wish
To smooth the brow of care,
And 'rase the wrinkles, which the hand
Of grief hath planted there,

Impelled thee, gentle maid, to send
Thy treasures from their place,
Enriched with all their sweet perfume
My couch of pain to grace.

Thy Father, love, 'who dwells on high,
Amid his angel choirs,
Sees from his throne beyond the sky;
'Tis *He* thy heart inspires!

'Tis the "Divinity within"
Thy warm and gentle breast;
And his approving smile shall win
For thee a glorious rest.

When sorrow lays her blighting hand
Upon thy youthful form,
Dear friends, beloved, thy couch shall spread,
And shield thee from the storm.

And may that God, whose tender care
Protects each fragile flower,
Transplant thee to his garden fair,
In Eden's blooming bower!



LINES TO ———.

Shall I sing of a face that is blooming and fair?
And of dimples and smiles, which are revelling there,
Of a broad white brow, and of ringlets bright,
Of the soft blue eye which is beaming with light?

Shall I sing of a lofty and dignified mien,
Of a graceful carriage, a step like a queen?
Alas! these are fleeting—tho' lovely the bloom
Of the rose on thy cheek, it may fade ere 'tis noon.

Those beautiful dimples that 'play round that face,
Must soon to the furrows of age give place!
And old Time will plant the deep wrinkles of care
On that brow now so lovely, so placid and fair.

Those soft, waving ringlets, so glossy and bright,
His hand will displace for a silvery white,
And that form so majestic, so noble and proud,
One day 'neath the pressure of time must be bowed.

Then what shall I say? shall I sing of the *mind*
Which, within that fair, perishing form, is enshrined?
Its virtues are lasting, they never decay—
“But grow brighter and brighter as time wears away.”

'Tis the spirit divine, which to mortals is given,—
Oh! 'tis surely a bright emanation from heaven!
Its light grows more brilliant 'mid nature's decay,
And it beams thro' eternity's long, endless day.



FIFTY-FIFTH PSALM.

Give ear unto my fervent prayer
My Father! and my God!
My cup with sorrow overflows,—
I sink beneath thy rod!

Trembling, I view the fearful path,
And overwhelmed with woe,
My spirit sinks within me, Lord!
Surrounded by the foe;

My bursting heart, my aching frame,
Can scarce sustain the load;
My sins with anguish fill my soul,
And make me doubt my God!

Oh! could I fly like yonder dove,
How soon I'd wing my way
Through trackless ether's broad expanse,
To realms of endless day!

Or to some thick embowering wood
I'd speed my airy flight,
Or in some dreary wilderness,
Would shade me from their sight:

There might the frowning tempest howl,
Fearless I'd brave the storm—
And 'mid the clustering branches hide
My wan and wasted form.

Yet why these vain inventions seek?
Doth not Jehovah reign?
In *His* protection I'll rejoice,
Nor shall I trust in vain!

A *stranger's* cold contemptuous glance
My soul had met with scorn,
Each slander, levelled at my name,
I had in silence borne:

But *he*, mine own familiar friend,
Mine equal, and my guide,
He who had shared my inmost thoughts;
Whose love had been my pride;

Whose sweet companionship had cheered
Full many a weary day;
Whose counsel stayed, my erring feet,
When wand'ring from the way;

Whose prayers ascended with my own
Up to the fount of life,
And bade me seek thy temple, Lord,
With pure devotion rife!

Oh! it was more than I could bear
That one I loved *so well*,
Should thus combine my soul to snare
With malice dark and fell!

Oh! Lord, defend thy servant's cause,
Protect my helpless head!
Oh! shield me in thy powerful arms,
Redeem me from the dead!

Lord! I am crushed beneath thy rod,
Father! on thee I call;
At early morn, at latest eve,
Thou art my stay, my all!

Oh! grant me but the cheering light
Of thy approving smile,
Danger and death my soul should brave,
Nor shrink from care or toil.

I'll cast my burdens on the Lord!
He will sustain them all,
His love forever shall endure,
His power prevent my fall.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND,
MISS ——— B.

Dear Mary, had thy friend the power
Thy future to control,
No shade of sorrow e'er should cloud
The "sunshine of thy soul."

Thy life should smoothly glide along
One pure unruffled stream;
With health and competence and peace,
Thy flowing cup should teem.

The morning dawns in cheerful light
Upon thy youthful head;
Oh, may a day as fair and bright
Upon its footsteps tread.

Affection's kind and fostering hand
Watched o'er thy tender youth,
And planted in thy youthful breast
The seeds of sacred truth.

Oh! let a harvest rich and rare
Spring up within thy mind,
Let Heaven-born virtue flourish there
With feelings all refined;

That when thy long and useful day
Is drawing to a close,
Not one reflection on the past
Shall ruffle thy repose.

Each sweet remembrance as it comes
Across thy dying mind,
Of passions conquered, faults redeemed,
And actions just and kind,

Shall shed a ray of peace and joy
O'er thy departing soul,
And light thy entrance to a world,
Where sin has no control.

TO CAROLINE,

ON THE EVE OF HER MARRIAGE AND DEPARTURE FOR
THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Adieu, my fair, my much loved friend,
A *long*, a *last* farewell!
May angels on your steps attend,
And every fear dispell!

May *He* who rules the boisterous sea,
And calms it at his word,
Your guide and guardian ever be,
Your Saviour and your Lord.

When severed is each tender tie,
Which binds your heart to home,
And when beneath a foreign sky
A wanderer you roam,

May *he*, the friend for whose dear love
Rich blessings you forego,
A tender guardian ever prove
In happiness or woe.

And may the sacred cause *divine*,
Which leads you to depart,
Impel each movement, and refine
Each feeling of your heart.

And when in heathen lands you hear
The blest Redeemer's praise,
May the glad sound your bosom cheer
While you the anthem raise!

Should pain and sickness cloud your brow,
Then let your faith be shown:
In meek submission humbly bow
Before Jehovah's throne.

And should your weary spirit find
No resting place from pain,
No home in that far distant clime
Your weakness to sustain,

Oh! then let faith and grace combine;
Rest wholly on the Lord!
Each earthly care may you resign,—
Depending on his word:

That word which will not, cannot fail,
Though time shall pass away;
The gates of hell shall not prevail,—
'Tis firm through endless day!

TO MY DAUGHTER MARGARET, WHEN A
CHILD.

(Written on Saturday evening.)

Dear Margaret, when the morning sun
Shall gild the eastern sky,
Reflect, a Sabbath has begun,
And raise thy thoughts on high!

Let sacred contemplation fire
Thy young and ardent mind,
And may each holy theme inspire
Thy harp with songs refined.

Oh! mayst thou sing Redeeming love!
And may the anthem rise
Like incense to the courts above,
Beyond the lofty skies.

A TRIBUTE TO MY FRIEND, MRS.

Oh thou! whose gentle voice recalls
The memory of the past,
And all those soft, endearing joys,
Which were too pure to last;

When peerless daughters blessed my arms,
As lovely as thyself,
Whose smiles were dearer to my heart
Than mines of countless wealth,—

Oh! thou, whose sympathy sustained
Me, in that trying hour,
When dearest Margaret meekly bowed
To the destroyer's power;

Who like a ministering angel stood,
The tear-drop in thine eye,—
And bade me seek my darling child
Beyond the upper sky!—

What blessings shall I ask for thee?
Thou dear and gentle one!
Thy unremitting tenderness
My grateful love hath won!

Fortune hath pour'd her choicest gifts
Upon thy favoured head,
Husband and children grace thy board
And blessings on thee shed.

If e'er an aspiration rose
Within thy gentle breast,
If e'er thy heart hath form'd a wish
Thou never hast expressed;

Oh! may that power who rules on earth,
According to his will,
In answer to my fervent prayer
That cherish'd wish fulfil!

And I will ask the 'noblest boon
To crown thy happy life,
An interest in the eternal world,
Where neither care, nor strife,

Thy peace shall mar, thy hopes destroy,—
Where fadeless flowers shall bloom
Through endless ages, pure and bright,
Triumphant o'er the tomb!

TO A DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, MRS. * * * :

JUNE 15th, 1842.

Come, dear one! let thy gentle voice
Revive the drooping head
Of one, whom anguish long hath bowed,
From whom e'en hope hath fled.

Dear one! I knew thee when a babe
In thy fond mother's arms,
I knew thee in the bloom of youth,
Decked in thy maiden charms;

I saw thee in thy day of power,
When lovers swell'd thy train!
When each, to grace thy maiden bower,
Culled blossoms from the plain!—

I saw thee when a beauteous bride,
In modesty arrayed,
Thy blushing cheek and downcast eye,
Thy happiness portrayed:

But when I saw thy graceful form,
In patient meekness, bend
Hour after hour, above the couch
Of thy young, suffering friend;

And when I saw thy tender hand
Bathing his fevered brow,
And heard thy strains of sympathy
In gentle accents flow;

When all a sister's tenderness
Was beaming in thine eyes,
Lighting the sufferer's faded face
With pleasure, and surprise;

Then, to my sad and mournful heart,
Thy loveliness surpassed
All that my fancy ever dreamed
In mortal mould was cast!—

Oh! come again, and let thy smile
Diffuse a transient glow
O'er the pale cheek, where fell disease
Hath stamped his impress now.

Come! and a mother's bursting heart
Shall throb with grateful joy,
Invoking blessings on *her* head
Who soothed her dying boy!—

A PARTING ADDRESS

OF A MOTHER TO A YOUNG SON ON HIS FIRST LEAVING
THE PARENTAL ROOF.

Farewell, my son! may angels guard
Thy unprotected youth!
May heaven-born virtue guide thy steps
In the fair path of truth.

Though tottering on the verge of life,
And racked with pain and care,
My own, my darling, much loved boy
My counsel still must share.

She who has watched thy cradle-bed,
And marked thy infant sports,
Through early childhood's winding maze,
And led thee to the courts,—

The earthly courts of *Heaven's high King*,
And taught thee there to bow
In reverence to his sacred name,
Cannot forget thee now!—

Remember, boy, thy mother's love,
Her precepts and her care,
And may her parting counsel prove
A beacon bright and fair.

Oh! thou wilt need a guide, my son,
A firm and faithful friend,
A mother's watchful eye no more
Thy footsteps may attend!—

Oh! shun the tempter who would strive
To lead thee from the truth;—
Be God thy trust! he will protect
And guide thy wayward youth.

ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND MRS.

Why, dear one, dost thou stay? the summer rose
Has shed its blossoms, and the deep repose
Of cheerless winter hangs on all around!

No hum of bee,
Or insect free,

Or notes of woodland chorister resound
Throughout our groves! the cold, cold wintry day
Is dark and sad,—why, dear one, dost thou stay?

Are there no scenes to memory dear,
No cherished loved ones lingering here,
To whom affection fondly clings?

Oh! come and cheer
The sadness here!

Linger no more. On friendship's wings,
Oh! come, and shed thy brightness on our day;
Joy on our hearts; why, dear one, dost thou stay?

Oh! come, and let thy radiant eye
Bid care and pain and sorrow fly.
I know within thy gentle breast
 The thought of *one*
 (Whose setting sun
Is sinking 'neath a cloud) doth rest;
Oh! come *once* more, and let the cheering ray
Of friendship shine on her—why, dear one, stay?

ON MY DAUGHTER MARGARET'S TENTH
BIRTH-DAY.

Awake, thou bright orb! in thy splendour arise,
Disperse every cloud in the pure azure skies;
Blow soft, ye rough winds, as ye sweep o'er the
 plain,
And bring fragrance and verdure and bloom in your
 train!

This day, be it sacred! Ye spirits of air!
Who guarded the couch of the infant so fair,
Ye sylphs, and ye sylphids, oh! hasten to earth
To welcome the morn of your votary's birth.

Ye muses, attend! let your presence inspire
The soul of your favourite with "poesy's fire;"
Entwine round her brow the sweet garlands of spring,
And in strains of soft melody teach her to sing.

Let virtue, and genius, and fancy unite
To awaken the harp of this being so bright;
Let the fire of devotion enliven the lay
Which her spirit shall breathe on her blest natal day!

IMPROMPTU,

AS THE THOUGHT OCCURRED OF GIVING THE NAME OF
MY SAINTED MARGARET TO THE CHILD OF A VERY
DEAR FRIEND.

Receive, sweet babe, an angel's name!
And with the high bequest
I would transmit the faultless mind
In all its graces drest.

Dear Margaret!—with that sacred name
Each blessing I'd bequeath;
Health, peace and innocence should form
For thee a fadeless wreath!

I would endow thee, favoured babe,
If but the power were mine,
With all that's noble and refined
To grace thy infant shrine.

The muses should inspire thy tongue
In seraph strains to sing,
And teach thy young, thy infant lyre
With melody to ring.

Genius should spread her soaring wings,
And clasp thee in their fold,
And on the golden scroll of fame
Thy name should be enrolled!

Thy lyre should sound thy Maker's praise
In music soft and low,
And angels lend a raptured ear
As the sweet numbers flow.

Virtue and truth should hold their throne
Within thy peaceful breast,
And pure religion's chastening power
Fit thee for endless rest.

LINES,

SUGGESTED TO THE AUTHOR UPON LEAVING HER HOME
AT PLATTSBURGH, WHICH WAS DOUBLY ENDEARED
TO HER AS THE BIRTH-PLACE OF HER DAUGHTER
LUCRETIA.

Oh! dear pleasant home, must I bid you adieu,
And all the loved objects so dear to my heart?
How oft will fond memory bring to my view
The long cherish'd scenes from which I must part.

Dear home of enjoyment, of suffering, of grief,
Where fond hopes were blasted, bright visions destroyed,
Where the cup of affliction I've drank long and deep,
And happiness exquisite likewise enjoyed—

When, clasped within my feeble arms,
I held thee to my bursting heart,
And met thy tender, earnest gaze,
Which said—"dear mother! we must part."

The chastened ray which beamed within
Thine intellectual eye,
Told that a spirit rested there
Whose light could never die! •

What high and holy thoughts then gave
Thy broad white brow an angel's light,
As o'er the darkness of the grave
It beamed with inspiration bright!

Thou art an angel now, my child,
Each rich and glowing thought,
No longer bound by earthly views,
With heavenly themes is fraught!

Thy pure and lofty spirit now
With kindred angels bows—
Thy hallowed lyre, though silent here,
Celestial bands arouse;

The soft melodious anthem peals
Throughout the heavenly courts,
While sister angels catch the strain,
And swell the lofty notes.

And there, with all its vast desires,
Half formed and undefined,
Bathing in streams of endless light,
Lives thy ~~undying~~ mind.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

'Twas midnight—and the moon's chaste beam
Illumined Bethlehem's plain;
It shed a soft but fitful light
O'er nature's wide domain.

Its quivering beams now softly stream
Amid the branches light
Of the tall palms, which partly shade
The brilliant orb of night.

The thin white clouds majestic move
Across the radiant sky,
Casting a slight and transient shade
O'er objects as they fly.

The countless stars which deck'd the night,
In regal splendour shone,
Pouring their pure and sacred light
On Bethlehem's humble town.

Beneath a tall and shady palm
The slumbering shepherds lay,
Upon the grass their bleating charge
Slept 'neath the moon's pure ray.

Sudden, a peal of music burst
Upon the ravished ear,
The waking shepherds trembling lay,
Transfixed in silent fear.

When, bending from a fleecy cloud,
An angel met their gaze,
While round a flood of glory poured
Which filled them with amaze.

“Fear not! behold, I tidings bring,
Glad tidings of great joy,
To Israel there is born a King;
Let praise your songs employ.

“To you in Bethlehem-town, this day
Is born of David’s line,
A sovereign who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

“The babe within a manger lies,
All wrapped in swathing bands;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To all the Gentile lands.”

The soft melodious anthem ceased,
When, to their raptured sight,
The parting cloud a host displayed
Of angels dazzling bright.

The shepherds list, in silent awe,
To catch the sacred strain,
“Glory to God! on earth be peace,
Good will to sinful men;

“Glory to God! his name be praised,
And Christ his only Son,
Who brings redemption to a world
By crime and guilt undone;

“Good will to men, and peace on earth,”

Each angel voice resounds,
Salvation to the chosen race,
Mercy and peace abounds.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
And to our infant King!
Salvation to a ruined world,
Doth Christ your Saviour bring!

A dazzling light resplendent shone
Upon each angel face,
Which, as they spread their golden wings,
Illumined all the place.

Loud hallelujahs filled the air,
As the ascending host,
With outstretched pinions, soared aloft,
And in the heavens were lost.

THE SIX BOOKS OF FINGAL.

THE SIX BOOKS OF FINGAL.

[That the following poems may be the better understood, and the chain of the story kept unbroken, I have taken the liberty to insert the entire argument of M'Pherson in the original, before the commencement of every book.]

ARGUMENT TO BOOK I.

Cuthullin (general of the Irish tribes in the minority of Cormac, king of Ireland), sitting alone beneath a tree at the gate of Tura, a castle of Ulster, (the other chiefs having gone on a hunting party to Cromla, a neighbouring hill,) is informed of the landing of Swaran, King of Lochlin, by Moran, the son of Fithil, one of his scouts. He convenes the chiefs; a council is held, and disputes run high about giving battle to the enemy. Connal, the petty king of Togorma, and an intimate friend of Cuthullin, was for retreating, till Fingal, king of those Caledonians who inhabited the northwest coast of Scotland, whose aid had been previously solicited, should arrive; but Calmar, the son of Matha, lord of Lara, a country in Connaught, was for engaging the enemy immediately. Cuthullin, of himself willing to fight, went into the opinion of Calmar. Marching towards the enemy, he missed three of his bravest heroes, Fergus, Ducho-mar, and Cathba. Fergus arriving, tells Cuthullin of the death of the two other chiefs; which introduces the affecting episode of Morna, the daughter of Cormac. The army of Cuthullin is descried at a distance by Swaran, who sent the son of Arno to observe the motions of the enemy, while he himself ranged his forces in order of battle. The son of Arno returning to Swaran, describes to him Cuthullin's chariot, and the terrible appearance of that hero. The armies engage, but night coming on, leaves the victory undecided. Cuthullin, according to the hospitality of the times, sends to Swaran a formal invitation to a feast by his bard Carril, the son of Kinfena. Swaran refuses to come. Carril relates to Cuthullin the story of Grudar and Brassolis. A party, by Connal's advice, is sent to observe the enemy, which closes the action of the day.

B O O K I.

By Tura's walls Cuthullin sat,
By the tree of the rustling sound;
His spear against the rock reclined,
His shield on the grassy mound.

His thoughts were of the mighty dead—
Great Cairbar slain in Erin's war—
When Moran, Fithil's son appears,
The scout of ocean from afar.

"Arise, Cuthullin!" cried the youth,
"The ships of Lochlin ride the wave;
Strong are the foes, Oh! chief of men,
Great Swaran's sea-borne heroes brave."

"Why tremble, son of Fithil, why?
Thy fears have magnified the foe;
Great Morven's mighty king it is,
Whose ships toward green Erin row."

"'Tis Swaran's self, I saw the chief,
'Tis royal Stafna's valiant son;
His tall form as a glittering rock—
His shield is as the rising moon.

“ His spear is a tall blâsted pine;
He sat upon the lonely shore,
As mist upon the silent hill,
Conning the scenes of battle o’er.

“ ‘ Well art thou named the mighty man!’
I said, ‘ Advance, thou chief of pow’r!
Many and brave our hands in fight,
And heroes dwell on Erin’s shore.

“ ‘ From Tura’s windy walls they come,
Men fearless, mighty and renowned,
Who, at Cuthullin’s slogan dread,
Rush boldly to the battle ground!’

“ Firm as a rock, the chief replied:
‘ Who is like *Swaran* in this land?
Before me heroes sink to earth,
And dare not in my presence stand.

“ ‘ Who in the fight can Swaran meet?
Who but great Fingal, king of storms!
On Malmor’s hill we wrestled hard,
With strength surpassing mortal forms:

“ ‘ Three days successively we fought;
Heroes with trembling marked the strife:
Great Fingal boasts that Swaran fell—
But Swaran never yields with life!

“ ‘ To me let dark Cuthullin yield:
I, strong as storms of Erin, stand;
O’er yonder sea my power extends,
And shall be felt throughout this land!’ ”

“Never!” exclaimed the blue-eyed chief;
“I never yield to man!
Great shall Cuthullin’s fame arise,
Or brief shall be his span!

“Go, son of Fithil, take my spear,
And strike brave Semo’s sounding shield!
On Tura’s rustling gate it hangs;
Haste—let it echo through the field!”

The hero’s bossy shield he struck,
And hills and vales and rocks reply;
Wide spreads the clamour through the wood,
And deer affrighted swiftly fly.

Curach is leaping from his rock,
And Crugal’s breast of snow beats high;
The son of Fava leaves the wood,
And all unto the council hie.

Said Rannan, “’tis the shield of war;”
“Cuthullin’s spear,” brave Lugar said;
“Oh! Calmar, lift the sounding steel,
And let its force destruction spread!

“Dread Puno, from thy tomb arise!
From Cromla’s hill, oh! Cairbar, come!
Great Eth, descend from Lena’s stream;
Haste, and avert green Erin’s doom!

“Oh! Ca-olt, as thou movest o’er
Lone Mora’s dreary whistling heath,
Stretch thy white side as sea-foam pure,
Tossed by the dark wind’s stormy breath.”

Behold, they come! the noble chiefs,
In all the pride of former wars;
Their mighty souls with valour glow,
While from their steel the lightning pours.

Like streams from mountain side they come,
Each rushes roaring from his hill!
Each in his father's armour shines,
Which he with honour swears to fill.

Their eyes flashed brightly with the flame
Of vengeance on their foes,
And rolled in fury as the sound
Of battle on them rose.

Gloomy and dark their heroes came,
Behind the bright array,
As gathering rain-clouds are condensed
When Heaven's red meteors play.

The sound of crashing arms ascends;
Unequal bursts the battle song;
The gray dogs howl amid the din,
And echoing rocks the notes prolong!

On Lena's dusky heath they stand,
Like mist that shades the autumn hills;
In broken wreaths it settles high,
And thus diffused all ether fills.

"Hail!" said Cuthullin, "hunters, hail!
Sons of the vales where sport the deer!
My friends, all hail! your aid we need;
Another sport is drawing near.

“Shall we assert our ancient rights,
Or yield green Erin to the foe?
Speak, Connal! speak, thou first of men,
Wisdom doth from thy counsel flow!

“Oft with proud Lochlin hast thou fought,
Now lift thy valiant father’s spear!
Alone thy strong and powerful arm
Would quell a host;—*thou* capst not fear.”

“Cuthullin!” the calm chief replied,
“My spear is sharp, its edge is keen,
In battle it delights to shine,
Red with the blood of thousands seen.

“Although my hand is bent on war,
Dear to my heart is Erin’s peace,
My life to her I here devote
Until these furious battles cease!

“Thou first in Cormac’s war,—behold
The sable fleet of Starno’s son!
Our coasts his mighty masts o’ertop,—
Their banners waving in the sun;

“His ships are forests clothed in mist,
His chiefs in battle strong and brave;
Oh! son of Selma, sue for peace!
Fingal himself the fight would waive.”

“Fly! basely fly! thou man of peace!”
Said Calmar, with the arm of strength,
“Shrink back, weak Connal, to thy hills,
Where spear was never drawn at length!

“Pursue high Cromla’s bounding deer,
And chase the roe on Lena’s plain,
While Semo’s blue-eyed, valiant son,
To fight proud Swaran leads his train!

“Roar! with a voice of thunder, roar!
And scatter all their ranks of pride;
Cuthullin, in his father’s strength,
Will pour out blood on every side.

“Rise, ye dark winds of Erin, rise!
Rage, whirlwind, and uproot the grove!
Let Calmar ’mid the uproar die,
And ride on tempest-clouds above;

“Be piecemeal torn by angry ghosts
Of man, in mortal combat slain;
If ere he feared the din of war,
Or shunned the bloody battle-plain!

“If e’er the chase was sport to him,
When he could fight in battle-field,
Or music in the bay of dogs,
Compared with Fingal’s sounding shield!”

“Young son of Matha,” Connal said,
“My fame in battle is but small,
But I have fought at Fingal’s side,
And never fled my country’s call.

“Oh! son of Semo, hear my voice!
Regard young Cormac’s ancient throne!
Give wealth, and half the land for peace
Till Fingal’s army join our own!

“But should grim war be still thy choice,
This arm shall wield my father’s spear,
’Mid thousands shall my joy be found,
And battle’s gloom my soul shall cheer!”

“Pleasant and sweet the din of arms,”
Cuthullin thus with warmth replies,
“Pleasant as thunder in the heavens
The sound of battle shall arise!,

“Then gather all our shining tribes,
Let me behold the army form,
And let them pass along the heath,
Bright as the sun before the storm!

“But, where are all my warlike friends,
To aid me in this trying hour?
White-bosomed Cathba, where art thou?
And where Duchomar’s arm of power?

“Fergus, my friend! thou too hast gone
And left me in these days of storm;
Once thou wert first at all our feasts,
The grave now shrouds thy manly form!

“Hail, son of Rossa! arm of death!
Like bounding roe thy step;
What cloud now shades the soul of war?
Where do my heroes sleep?”

“Four stones,” the valiant chief replied,
“Rise on the youthful Cathba’s grave;
I’ve laid Duchomar in the earth—
That cloud in war, that spirit brave.

“Thou, Cathba! wert a sunbeam bright!

Valiant Duchomar! thou a cloud

Of mist, as o’er the autumn plain

It moves along, a sable shroud!

“Thou, Morna! fair and beauteous maid!

Calm is thy sleep within yon cave;

Thy hapless fate shall heroes weep,

And o’er thy breast the long grass wave!

“Thy life was like a meteor’s flash,

Which o’er the desert cast one gleam;

The weary traveller marks its fall,

And mourns its flitting, transient beam.”

“Tell me,” said Semo’s blue-eyed son,

“How were the chiefs of Erin slain?

Fell they by Lochlin’s warlike sons,

With heroes on the battle plain?”

Solemn and sad the hero replied,

“By the sword of Duchomar he fell!

’Neath the spreading shade of the stately oak,

Where the noisy streams do swell;

“To the caverns of Tura Duchomar came,

And he spake to the beautiful maid,

The cherished young daughter of Cormac the brave,

Who tarried alone in the shade;

““Oh, Morna! fair Morna, say, why art thou here?

Alone, in the circle of stones!.

In the cave of the rock, where the storm murmurs loud,

And the wind through the old tree groans?

“ ‘ The billows roll high on the troubled lake,
And dark are the clouds of the sky,
But thou art pale as the snow on the heath,
When drifted in mountains high;

“ ‘ Thy hair is like the floating mist
When it curls on the brow of the hill,
When it shines in the beams of the sinking sun,
And the lake is calm and still;

“ ‘ Thy bosom is fair as the smooth white rock,
Embedded in Branno’s stream,
Thy arms like pillars in Fingal’s Hall,
So stately and white they seem.’

“ ‘ From whence, Duchomar, most gloomy of men?’
The fair-haired maiden replies,
‘ Thy terrible brow is dark and bent,
And red are thy rolling eyes.

“ ‘ Does Swaran appear on Erin’s coast?
Duchomar! what of the foe!’—
“ ‘ From the hill of the dark-brown hinds I come,
Where sports the bounding roe!

“ ‘ Three deer have I slain with my bended yew,
And three with my dogs of chase,
One stately buck have I slain for thee,
Oh! deign my poor offering to grace!

“ ‘ High were his branchy antlers tossed,
And his feet of wind did fly;
I have slain him for thee, thou art dear to my soul,
For the daughter of Cormac I sigh!’

“ ‘Duchomar!’ with firmness the maiden replied,
‘Thy presents my soul doth spurn;
Thy heart is as hard as the sea-girt rock,
Thy love I can never return!’

“ ‘Thou terrible man with the gloomy brow!
Morna’s love to young Cathba is plighted,
In darkness and gloom, like a sunbeam he shines,
Mid the storm which the young trees had blighted.

“ ‘Hast thou seen my young Cathba, all lovely and
fair?
On the hill of the hinds he stays,
The daughter of Cormac is waiting him there;
Canst thou tell me why thus he delays?’

“ ‘Long, long shalt thou tarry,’ Duchomar replied,
‘Full long shall his coming be staid,—
Oh, Morna! behold this unsheathed sword,
And mark the red blood on its blade.

“ ‘Here wanders the blood of thy Cathba brave,
And he fell by Branno’s stream!
On Cromla’s heights I will raise his tomb,
’Neath the pale moon’s flickering beam;

“ ‘Oh, turn on Duchomar thine eyes of love;
As strong as the storm is his arm!
Its grasp of power shall crush thy foes,
And thy loveliness shelter from harm!’

“ ‘With wildly bursting voice she cried,
‘Is the son of Torman low?’
Has he fallen upon his echoing hills,
My youth, with the breast of snow?

“ ‘The first in the chase of the stately deer,
To the strangers of ocean the foe,
The first on the battle plains was he,
My youth of the breast of snow!

“ ‘Duchomar, thou dark and gloomy man,
To Morna how cruel thy love!
Each drop of that wandering blood how dear,
Let the tears of Morna prove!

“ ‘Oh, give me that sword, ’twas my Cathba’s arm
That once wielded its shining blade!
Thou art dark to me, thou terrible man,
Would Morna thine arm could have staid!’

“He gave the sword to her streaming tears,
And she pierced his savage breast!
He fell like a bank of a mountain stream;
His voice was weak and depressed:

“ ‘In my youth I am slain! the sword is cold;
Oh, Morna! I feel it is cold;
Oh, draw the steel from the fatal wound,
And my mantle around me fold!

“ ‘Oh give me to Moina! the maid whose love
Would have cheered Duchomar’s life!
She will raise my tomb in the dark green wood,
Far from the scenes of strife.’

“Trembling and pale the maiden came,
In the midst of her tears she came,
And drew the sword from the crimson wound,
While horror shook her frame.

“He seized the sword with a demon’s strength,
And pierced her tender side;
The bubbling blood gushed from the wound,
And she sank! brave Cathba’s pride!

“Her hair spread o’er the crimson ground,
Her white arms stained with gore;
Rolling in death the maiden lay
Upon the rocky shore!”

“Peace,” said Cuthullin, “to their souls!
Great were those heroes in the fight;
On evening clouds, oh! let them ride,
And show their features to my sight;

“My soul shall then be firm and bright,
Mine arm like thunder of the heaven!
My steel shall deal destruction round,
Like lightning which the rocks hath riven.

“And, Morna, thou in all thy charms
Dwell near the window of my rest,
Be thou a moonbeam in my path,
When thoughts of peace my soul have blest!

“Gather the strength of all the tribes!
Move on to aid in Erin’s war!
The prowess of your arms display!
Attend my bright and shining car!

“Rejoice in great Cuthullin’s fame;
Place by my side three spears,
Follow the bounding of my steed,
When Swaran’s host appears!

“ Firm in my friends shall be my soul,
When battle darkens round my steel;
With strength, their valour nerves my arms,
When fighting for my country’s weal!”

As a stream of foam, from the dark steep
Of shady Cromla’s side,
When heavy thunder rolls above,
And shakes Heaven’s arches wide;

And dark-browed night descending fast,
Obscures near half the hill,
Through breaches of the tempest dark
Ghosts peep with voices shrill;

So fierce, so vast, so terrible,
Rush’d on the sons of strife,
Their chief, the foremost in the field,
Was seen with vengeance rife;

He there, like ocean’s mighty whale,
By stormy waves pursued,
Poured forth his valour like a stream,
Or like a roaring flood.

The sons of Lochlin heard the noise,
As the sound of a winter storm;
Great Swaran struck his bossy shield,
And gave the loud alarm!

“ What murmur rolls along the hill,
Like gathered flies at summer eve?
’Tis Erin’s fast descending sons!
Or rustling winds mine ear deceive.

“ Oh! son of Arno, mount the hill,
• View the dark heath on every side!”
Trembling he sped, but soon returned
With beating heart and rapid stride.

His words were faltering, broken, slow,
And wildly rolled his dark blue eyes:
“ Chief of the dark-brown battle shield,
The hosts of Erin plot surprise!

“ I see the stream of battle flow,
The strength of Erin moves along;
The car, the car of war appears,
The car of Semo's noble son!

“ Behind 'tis bending like a wave,
Like the sunbeam dazzling bright;
Its sides with jewels are embossed,
Which shine like foam at night.

“ Of polished yew its beam is made;
Its seat the finest, whitest bone;
Its sides are filled with shining spears;
The floor is the hero's stepping stone!

“ Before the right side of the car
The high-bred, snorting horse is seen;
Broad-breasted, proud, wide-leaping steed,
His warlike ardour fierce and keen!

“ The spreading of his mane above
Is like a waving stream of smoke;
Bright are his tall and graceful sides,
Sulin-Sifadda, strong as oak!

“ Before the left side of the car
The fleet Dusronnal bounds along;
High-headed, thin-maned, snorting horse,
Son of the hill, with muscles strong!

“ Bound by a thousand strong made thongs,
The stately car is raised on high;
Each thong adorned with shining gems,
All dazzling to the hero's eye!

“ Within the car the chief is seen,
Cuthullin is the hero's name;
Great Semo's son, the king of shells,
Nations afar have heard his fame!

“ His cheek is like my polished yew,
His blue eye, rolling bright,
Beneath the dark arch of his brow,
Shines like a flame at night!

“ Fly, king of ocean, fly the field,
He comes like storm along the vale!
His bushy hair streams in the wind,
He makes his foes with terror pale.”

“ When did *I* fly?” replied the king;
“ When fled I from the battle spear?
From danger's form shall Swaran shrink?
Chief of the little soul, beware!

“ The storm of Gormal firm I met,
When the foam of my waves beat high!
I met the storm of the dark-browed clouds,
And *now* shall Swaran fly?

“ Did Fingal with his mighty arm,
• And all his powerful host appear,
My valiant soul would still be firm—
Great Swaran’s heart shall never fear!

“ My thousands, rise! to battle rise!
Pour round me from the echoing strand;
Gather the bright steel of your king,
Strong as the mountains of my land!”

Like autumn’s gathering strength they pour
Forth from two tall and echoing hills;
Like two deep streams they roaring met,
While the loud sound the forest fills.

Lochlin and Inisfail have met,
Chief mixes stroke with valiant foe;
Steel clanging, sounds on bloody steel,
And many a hero is laid low!

The bubbling blood now smokes around,
Strings murmur on the polished yew;
Darts rush along the cloudy sky,
Like meteors which at night we view!

As troubled ocean’s boisterous noise
When rolling waves are mounting high,
As the last thundering peal of Heaven,
The flame of war came rushing by!

Though Cormac’s hundred bards were there
To give the fight to tuneful song,
Their hundred voices were too weak
To roll the sound of death along!

Oh, mourn in dust, ye sons of song!
Oh, mourn the brave Sithallan low;
High let Fiona's sighs arise,
Dark Swaran gave the fatal blow.

Nor slept Cuthullin's mighty hand,
Nor powerless was his noble arm;
His sword was like the beam of Heaven,
Spreading destruction and alarm.

Dusronnal snorted as he passed,
Sifadda bathed his hoofs in blood,
The battle lay behind their path,
As groves upturned in Cromla's wood.

Weep on the rocks of roaring winds,
Oh, lovely maid of Inistore!
Bend thy fair head o'er yonder waves
Which dash against the sounding shore.

Thou lovelier than the moon's pale beam
When shining through the cloud of night,
Fairer than stars on evening's brow
Art thou, sweet mourner, in my sight!

Oh! 'he has fallen; thy youth is low;
Pale 'neath Cuthullin's mighty sword!
His worth and valour raised his name
To rank with kings at royal board.

Trenar, the graceful Trenar fell,
His dogs are howling in his halls,
His bow hangs useless, all unstrung,
Upon their lonely silent walls.

As roll a thousand waves along,
• So Swaran's host came rolling on;
As meets a rock a thousand waves,
So Erin met proud Lochlin's son.

Death raises all his voices round,
And mixes with the sound of war;
Each chief a pillar darkly stands,
Like beams of fire their swords appear.

But who are those on Lena's heath?
Their forms so gloomy and so dark—
They move like clouds across the plain,
Their gleaming steel at distance mark!

The little hills are troubled round,
The solid rocks tremble with fear,
Rough ocean's son in converse close
With Erin's car-borne chief is there!

Full many an anxious eye is bent
Upon those dark and moody men;
Till twilight covers Lena's hill,
And shrouds in night the battle plain;

'Twas on high Cromla's shaggy side
That Dorglass placed the stately deer,
The early fortune of the chase
The morning of that day of fear;

A hundred youths collect the heath,
Ten warriors wake the sleeping fire,
Three hundred choose the polished stones,
To spread the feast which they require.

Cuthullin, chief of Erin's war,
Again resumed his mighty soul;
He leaned upon his beamy spear
And thus addressed the bard of old:

"Is this feast spread for *me* alone,
While Lochlin's king is on our shores?
The stranger must our banquet share,
Though on the morn the battle roars!

"Carril, these words to Swaran bear;
Tell him Cuthullin gives his feast—
Bid him come listen to my groves,
And on my green turf safely rest;

"For cold and bleak the blustering winds
Rush over the foam of his seas;
Here let him praise the trembling harp;
Refresh him 'neath our shady trees!"

Old Carril went, with softest voice,
And called the king of dark-brown shields—
"Rise from thy skins, brave Swaran, rise,
Thou king of groves and wide spread fields:

"Cuthullin gives the joy of shells,
Partake the feast of Erin's chief;"—
The eye of Swaran flashed with ire,
As muttering thus his answer brief:

"Though all thy daughters, Inisfail,
Should stretch aloft their arms of snow,
And softly roll their eyes of love,
Tell Erin, Swaran would not go!

“More pleasant to my warlike soul
• Is Lochlin’s stormy wind,
It rushes o’er my own blue seas
And suits my gloomy mind:

“Let dark Cuthullin yield to me
King Cormac’s ancient throne,
Or Erin’s blood in streams shall flow,
And all their maidens mourn!”

“Sad is the sound of Swaran’s voice!”
Said Carril, bard of other days;
“To Swaran’s self alone ’tis sad—
It shall not damp our lays!”

“Come, Carril! raise thy voice on high,”
The son of Semo loudly cried,
“Give us the deeds of other days,
When heroes brave in battle died:

“Send thou the night away in song,
Oh! let us have the joy of grief,
For lovely are the songs of woe
Which Ossian sung to Albion’s chief!”

Carril replied, “In other days,
Came ocean’s sons to Erin’s land:
A thousand vessels bound along,
And moor them on our rocky strand;

“The sons of Inisfail arose
To meet the race of dark-brown shields;
Grudar, a stately youth, was there,
And Cairbar, first in battle field;

“ Long for the spotted bull they strove
That lowed on Galban’s echoing plain,
Each claimed the creature as his own,
And each his title would maintain;

“ On Lubar’s grassy banks they strove,
Young Grudar fell ’neath Cairbar’s steel,
Cairbar, that fierce and cruel chief
Who love or friendship ne’er could feel;—

“ He sought his sister, beauteous maid,
The plighted bride of Grudar’s love;
Alone she raised the song of grief,
And mourned his absence in the grove;

“ She mourned him in the field of blood,
Her soft voice trembled in the breeze,
Yet still she hoped for his return,
And sought his form amid the trees;

“ Cairbar appeared in fearful mood;
‘ Take, Brassolis, this shield of blood,
Fix it on high within my hall,
There let it hang a trophy proud.’

“ Her soft heart beat against her side,
Pale and distracted forth she flew,
She found her youth in all his blood,
The spirit fled that heart so true!

“ And here, their sacred manes repose,
These lonely yews spread o’er their tomb,
And oft, at midnight’s solemn hour,
Their shadowy ghosts are seen to roam!”

“Oh, Carril, pleasant is thy voice!”
Said Erin’s noble, blue-eyed chief,
“I love the song of olden time,
Sweet to my soul the tale of grief.

“Come, strike the harp in praise of *her*—
Who lonely sits in the misty isle!
Sing of her soft and winning grace,
Sing of *her* artless, tender smile!

“Bragela, sunbeam of my love,
Methinks I see thy slender form,
Thy garments floating on the breeze,
Thy bosom throbs, thy heart is warm;

“Methinks I see thee listening stand,
Thy fair head gently forward bent,
Thine eye fixed on the distant wave,
To catch each sound thine ear intent;

“But not a glimpse, not one faint view
Of thy Cuthullin in the gale;
The sea is rolling mountain high,
The foam deceives thee for my sail.

“Retire, for it is night, my love,
The dark winds sing in thy long hair,
Retire unto my lonely halls
And think upon thy hero there!

“Soon as the storm of war is past,
He will return to bless thy arms.—
Oh, Connal, speak of blood and war,
I dare not think upon her charms!”

No second bidding Connal waits,—

“ I warn thee to beware the foe!

Haste, send thy troop of night abroad,

To guard each pass full well they know;—

“ Cuthullin, I am still for peace!

Till Fingal comes, that hero brave,

Then, like the sunbeam o’er our fields

Full proudly let our banners wave!”

The hero struck the shield of war,

The warriors of the night moved on,

And ghosts of those who lately fell

Swam on the clouds, their battles done.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK II.

The ghost of Crugal, one of the Irish heroes, who was killed in battle, appearing to Connal, foretells the defeat of Cuthullin in the next battle, and earnestly advises him to make peace with Swaran. Connal communicates the vision, but Cuthullin is inflexible—from a principle of honour he would not be the first to sue for peace, and he resolved to continue the war. Morning comes: Swaran proposes dishonourable terms to Cuthullin, which are rejected. The battle begins, and is obstinately fought for some time, until, upon the flight of Grumal, the whole Irish army give way—Cuthullin and Connal cover their retreat: Carril leads them to a neighbouring hill, whither they are soon followed by Cuthullin himself, who descries the fleet of Fingal making toward the coast, but night coming on, he lost sight of it again. Cuthullin, dejected after his defeat, attributes his ill success to the death of Ferda, his friend, whom he had killed some time before. Carril, to show that ill success did not always attend those who innocently killed their friends, introduces the episode of Connal and Galvina.

BOOK II.



By the sound of the mountain's gushing stream,
The weary Connal lonely lay,
Sheltered beneath an aged tree
Whose branches in the moonbeams play;

The mossy stone supports his head,
And silence reigns throughout the vale,
When shrill and clear the voice of night
His wondering senses doth assail!

The fearless hero raised his head
And there beheld a sight of woe!
A dark red stream of livid fire
Rushed down upon the plain below;

'Twas Crugal sat upon the stream,
A noble chief who fell in fight,
His face was like the moon's pale beam,
His eye like fire's descending light!

His robes were of the misty cloud,
And dark the wound upon his breast,
The paleness of his manly cheek
A dreadful tale of woe expressed!

“Oh! why so pale and sad, my friend?”

The mighty Connal fearless cried,

“Thou breaker of the bossy shield,

Oh! why that wound upon thy side?

“My Crugal, why so pale thy brow?

Say! what disturbs thy wandering shade?”

The ghost o’er Connal stretched his hand,

But feeble was the sound he made;

“My spirit wanders on my hills,

On Erin’s sand my corse doth lie;

The heath no more my footsteps press,

Like shadows of the mist I fly!

“Oh, Connal, Colgar’s bravest son!

I see a gloomy cloud of death,

Darkly it hovers o’er the plain—

The sons of Erin fall beneath;

“Oh, from this field of ghosts remove!”

Then he in majesty retired,

Lost in the whistling hollow blast

That voice which sorrow had inspired.

“Oh, stay,” the mighty Connal cried,

“Oh, stay, my dark-red injured friend!

That beam of heavenly light lay by—

Oh! windy Cromla’s son, attend!

“What cavern is thy lonely house?

On what green hill dost thou repose?

Shall we not hear thee in the storm,

Or where the mountain streamlet flows?”

The soft-voiced Connal swiftly rose,
And raised his powerful arm;
In haste he struck his bossy shield,
And gave the loud alarm;

The son of battle waked to war!—
“Why comest thou through the gloom of night?
Had I unconscious thrust my spear
My friend had died, my soul’s delight!

“Speak, Connal, son of Colgar, speak!
Thy counsel is the sun of heaven—
Oh! speak—thou bravest of the brave—
For in thy speech is wisdom given.”

“Attend, Cuthullin!” Connal cried—
“Great Crugal’s ghost rose from the heath,
His voice was like the distant stream,
He is the messenger of death!

“Of the dark narrow house he speaks,
Oh! chief of Erin, sue for peace!
Till Fingal’s reinforcements come,
Our slender army to increase.”

“Though twinkling stars shone through his form,
Thy tale I cannot yet believe!
The hoarse wind murmuring, and the storm,
Thy watchful fancy might deceive;

“Or, if it was brave Crugal’s ghost,
Could’st thou not force him to my sight?
Where’s the cave in which he rests,
That son of wind, throughout the night?

“That awful voice my sword might find
And force his knowledge from his breast,—
But still, his knowledge must be small—
This day, his feet our hills have pressed;

“These hills, as yet, he has not passed;
Who there could tell him of our fall?”
“Ghosts fly on clouds, and ride on winds,”
Said Connal, “when their pleasures call!

“Together in their caves they rest,
And converse much of mortal men.”
“Of mortal men then let them talk—
But ne’er name Erin’s chief again!

“Be he forgotten in their cave,
From Swaran’s arm I will not fly!
If I must fall my tomb shall rise,
My fame in Erin ne’er shall die!

“The hunter oft shall shed a tear
Of sorrow on my mossy stone,
And loved Bragela too will mourn
Her hero lost, at evening lone!

“I fear not death; to fly I fear!
For I have fought by Fingal’s side,
The valour of this arm have proved,
And he has owned its strength with pride!

“Thou dim, pale phantom of the hill,
Oh, why not show thyself to me?
Come on thy beam of heavenly light,
And say what Erin’s fate will be!

“I will not fly, thou feeble ghost!
Son of the wild and wandering wind;—
Brave Connal! strike the sounding shield,
My warriors are not far behind;—

“Though Fingal, with the noble race
Of the stormy isles, delay,
Still we will fight, oh, Colgar’s son!
Like heroes in the fray.”—

The sound spreads wide—the warriors rise
Like breaking of the rolling wave;
Upon the heath they stand like oaks,
A host of heroes firm and brave!

Gray is high Cromla’s head of clouds,
Fair morning trembles on the deep,
Slowly the blue mist passes by
And rises o’er yon rocky steep.

“Rise,” said the king of dark-brown shields,
“Ye who in Lochlin’s ships remain!
From war the sons of Erin fly,
Haste and pursue o’er Lena’s plain!

“Morla, proceed to Cormac’s hall,
And bid him yield to Swaran’s bands,
Ere to the tomb his proud heart sink
And silence reign throughout his lands!”

Like sea-fowl in a flock, they rose,
When waves expel them from the shore,
Their sound was like a thousand streams
Which o’er the high rocks rudely pour;

As the dark shades of autumn fly
Over the hills of waving grass,
So gloomy, dark, successive came
The chiefs of Lochlin's echoing pass;

Tall as the stag of Morven's plain,
The stately king before them moved;
Like a red flame, upon the heath
Shone the bright shield he oft had proved;

'Twas as some weary traveller sees
A ghost of night upon the mound,
While sporting in the pale moon's beam
It dimly gleams on all around:

A blast from ocean's troubled breast
Removed the settled misty cloud;
Behold! the sons of Erin stand,
A band of heroes brave and proud.

"Go, Morla, go," the chieftain cries,
"And offer Swaran's terms to foes;
If they accept, for them 'tis well;
If they refuse, blood freely flows!—

"Offer the terms we give to kings,
When nations bow them to our name,
When valiant men have fallen in war,
And virgins weep their lovers slain."—

Tall Morla came, the son of swarth,
Full stately strode the youthful chief;
"Take Swaran's peace," the warrior cried,
"The peace of kings who need relief;

“Leave Erin’s streamy plains to us,—
Thy spouse and dog to us return—
Bragela, beautiful and fair,
She and thy dog must both be mine;—

“Give these to prove how weak thine arm,
Then humbly live beneath our power,
Repent thee that thou raised the sword
’Gainst Swaran in an evil hour!”

“Tell Swaran, tell that heart of pride,
That great Cuthullin *never* yields!
I’ll give him the dark rolling sea,—
Graves for his men, in Erin’s fields;

“But never shall his pride possess
The pleasing sunbeam of my love,
I prize her more than stars of heaven,
And my best blood my faith shall prove:—

“No deer shall fly on Lochlin’s hills
Before swift-footed Luath’s path,—
This tell thy king, and let him prove
The fierceness of his mighty wrath.”

“Vain ruler of the rolling car!”
Said Morla,—Lochlin’s favour’d chief,—
“Why wilt thou fight this mighty king,
Why art thou to my counsel deaf?

“His ships of groves could take thine isle,
So little are green Erin’s hills;
He rules the stormy waves around,
Your shores with his own men he fills!”

“In words, I yield to Lochlin’s chief,
• My sword shall yield *to none!*
Erin shall own great Cormac’s sway
Until my race is run;

“While Cormac and Cuthullin live,
Cormac is Erin’s lawful king;—
Connal, hearest thou his boasting words?
Then haste, thy host to battle bring!

“Spirit of Crugal, from thy cloud
Why didst thou threaten certain death?
The narrow house shall be my doom,
My fame unhurt by Swaran’s breath.

“The light of my renown shall rise,
And future bards shall sing my fame,
Fathers relate it to their sons,
And great shall be Cuthullin’s name;

“Ye sons of Erin, bend the bow!
Exalt to heaven the shining spear—
We’ll rush in darkness on the foe,
Our stormy spirits know not fear!”

Then dismal, roaring, fierce and deep,
The gloom of battle poured along,—
As mist that o’er the valley rolls
Came Erin’s sons, in courage strong.

Stately in arms, Cuthullin moves,
Like a grim ghost before a cloud,
When meteors blaze around his form,
And the dark winds are whistling loud.

Old Carril on the distant heath
Bids the shrill horn of battle sound,
Then raises high the voice of song,
Till every valley echoes round!

“Where,” said the tuneful bard of old,
“Where is the brave young Crugal now?”
He lies forgotten on the earth,
His youthful head in death laid low!—

Sad is the spouse of Crugal’s love,
A youthful stranger in his hall;
That hall is now the seat of grief,
For there she mourns her hero’s fall.

But who is she, the beauteous maid
That darts like sunbeam ’midst the foe?
It is Degrena, lovely, fair,
The spouse of Crugal fallen low!

Her long hair floats upon the breeze,
Her beauteous eye is red and wild;
Her voice is dissonant and shrill,
For she is “hopeless sorrow’s child!”—

Pale is thy lover now, sweet maid!
His form sleeps in the hilly cave;
I hear his soft and feeble voice,
As the bee hums when breezes wave;

But oh! Degrena, thou dost fall
Like a bright cloud at early morn;
The sword of Lochlin pierces deep,
And thou art low in life’s young dawn!

Cairbar, thy fair Degrena's slain!
The daughter of thy youthful love,
Pride of thy years, thy soul's delight,
Her spirit sails on clouds above!

Fierce Cairbar heard the mournful sound,
And rush'd along like ocean's whale!
He saw his daughter's lifeless corpse,
And roared like thunder thro' the vale.

His spear, a son of Lochlin met,
The battle spreads from wing to wing,
'Twas like a hundred rising winds
Which through a burning forest sing!

So loud, so ruinous, so vast
The deadly carnage raged around,
Cuthullin's sword destruction spread,
Like thistle tops they strew the ground.

Proud Swaran wasted Erin's land,
And laid the mighty Cairbar low!
Morglan has gone to his last rest,
And Caolt bleeds with mortal blow.

His fair white breast is stained with blood,
And stretched in dust his yellow hair;
He oft had spread the feast of joy
On that same spot and revelled there!

Here, often had he tuned the harp,
His dogs around him leaped for joy,
His voice the youthful heroes loved,
For Caolt was a noble boy!—

Swaran advances as a stream
That wildly bursts upon the view,
Removing, in its rapid course,
All that impedes its passage through;

But like a mount Cuthullin stood,
That catches e'en the clouds of heaven,
The winds contending round its base,
While o'er its brow the hail is driven.

Thus firm in strength the hero stands
And shades green Erin's sons from fight,
Blood flows like fountains from the rock,
While spears and broad-swords glitter bright!

On either wing, brave Erin falls
Like snow before the mid-day sun;
Lochlin is conqueror on the field;
Full many a chief his race has run!

"Oh, sons of Erin!" Grumal cried,
"Why strive as reeds against the wind?
Fly to yon dark-brown, distant hill,
And leave the bloody foe behind!"

He spake, and flew across the plain!
Chief of the little narrow soul,
While heroes' blood in battle slain
In crimson streams o'er Lena roll.

High on his car of many gems
The noble chief of Erin stood,
Dealing destruction to the foe,
His sword and garments dyed with blood!

“ Oh, Connal, first of mortal men!
Thyself first taught this arm of death,
Though Erin’s sons have basely fled,
We’ll fight, until our latest breath.—

“ Go Carril, son of other times,
Convey our friends to yon lone hill,—
Here Connal and myself will stand,
Though conquered, we will save them still!”

The car of gems brave Connal mounts,
Their shields are like the darken’d moon,
That daughter of the starry skies,
Warning frail man of dreadful doom;

Sitfadda panted up the hill,
And Stronnal, high bred, fiery steed:
Like waves behind the mighty whale,
The furious foe rushed on with speed!

Now, on high Cromla’s rising side,
Stood Erin’s few and sorrowing sons;—
Like trees when blasted by the flame
Which the rude whirlwind hurries on:

There, distant, withered, dark, they stand,
All leafless mid the stormy gale,
Though their firm trunks unhurt appear,
Their leaves are scatter’d through the vale.

Cuthullin stood beside an oak,
His red eye rolled in silent round,
Behold! the scout of ocean comes,
Welcome once more the well known sound!

“The ships, the ships,” the warrior cried,
The strong ships of the lovely isles!
Great Fingal comes! the first of men,
To share our fate, assist our toils;

“The waves foam high before his prow,
His masts like groves in yonder cloud;”
“Blow,” said Cuthullin, “blow, ye winds—
Oh, higher rise, blow still more loud!

“Oh, to the death of thousands come,
Great Selma’s noble, mighty king!
Thy sails are like the morning clouds,
Thy ships such heavenly light do bring!

“A pillar of fire thou dost appear
Beaming on the dark world by night!—
Dear are our friends in hours of grief,
They cheer the heart with prospects bright.

“But night is gathering fast around—
Where are the ships of Fingal now?
Here, let the hours of darkness pass;
Oh, for a moon on heaven’s broad brow!”

The winds came roaring through the woods,
Adown the rock the torrent pours,
Rain gathers fast round Cromla’s head,
The threatening clouds descend in showers;

Sad, by the side of yon lone stream,
Whose voice is echoed by a tree,
The sorrowing chief of Erin sits,
Pondering on what his fate may be;

Connal, the son of Colgar, there,
And Carril too, of other times,
Lament the fate of Erin's wars,
Past scenes revolving in their minds:

"Cuthullin, oh, ill-fated chief!"
The son of Semo mournful cried,
"Ill-fated ever is this hand,
Which slew my friend, my joy, my pride!

"Oh Ferda! Damman's noble son,
I loved thee ever as myself,
To save thee once I would have died,
Or sacrificed my all of wealth!"

"Well I remember," Connal said,
"Bold Damman's son, the noble chief!
His form was comely, fair and tall,
His life was as the rainbow, brief.

"Chief of a hundred hills he came
From Albion's beauteous isle,
In Muri's halls he learned the sword
And won Cuthullin's smile.

"Together in the chase we moved,
One bed was ours upon the heath,
Dugala in her beauty came
And won his love, the noble chief.

"Though she was Cairbar's wedded spouse,
And fair as morning's early ray,
With pride her scornful heart was filled;
She sought young Ferda to betray;

“The white-armed maid to Cairbar said,
‘Give me the half of all thy herd,
I’ll rest within thy halls no more!
Young Ferda is by me preferred.’

“‘Divide the herd!’ dark Cairbar cried,
‘Cuthullin, come, divide my herd,
Within thy breast strict justice reigns,
We will be governed by thy word.’

“When just division had been made,
One noble, snow-white bull remained,
And to the dark-brow’d, injured chief
I gave the bull himself had trained;

“Dugala’s fiery wrath arose:
‘Rise, son of Damman!’ said the fair,
‘My inmost soul Cuthullin pains,
I cannot rest while he is near,—

“‘Oh, he must die a bloody death,
Or Lubar’s stream shall roll o’er me!
My ghost shall wander near thy rest,
And morn and night shall harass thee;

“‘The blood of Erin’s chief pour out,
Or pierce this white and heaving breast,
My wounded pride cannot be healed
Till low in death Cuthullin rest!’

“‘Dugala!’ said the fair-hair’d youth,
‘How shall I slay my dearest friend?
He shares my love, my secret thoughts,
And, with his life, would mine defend.’

“ Three days she weeps before the youth;
On the fourth morn, her tears succeed;
‘ Dugala, cease,’ he frantic cried,
‘ I’ll fight my friend, though foul the deed;

“ ‘ Oh, may I fall by his right arm!
For I cannot survive his loss;
To wander on the hill alone,
Or on his grave-stone view the moss!’

“ We fought on Muri’s shady plains,
Our swords the bloody wound avoid,
They slide on helmets made of steel,
Or shields, which force of blow destroyed:

“ Dugala, with an artful smile,
To Damman’s son again replied,
‘ Thy feeble arm cannot sustain
That weight of steel upon thy side!

“ ‘ Thy years are tender, yield thee, love,
To proud Cuthullin yield the sword;
He is a rock on Malmor’s height,
Oh, yield thee! he will grace accord!’

“ The tear was in his youthful eye,
With faltering step to me he came—
‘ Cuthullin, raise thy bossy shield!
Defend thy life, defend thy fame!

“ ‘ It is thy friend, thy chosen friend
Who calls on thee to raise the sword;
My soul is bursting with my grief,
But I must slay thee, on my word!’

"As wind in rifted rock, I sighed,
And lifted high the edge of steel;
My friend, my dearest friend is dead!
And this rough hand the blow could deal.

"Oh, mournful is thy tale, my son,"
Said Carril of the tuneful song,
"My soul rolls back the stream of time,
To other years when life was young;

"Oft have I heard of Comal's fate,
Who slew the friend he dearly loved,
And though with grief his heart was filled,
His sword hath oft victorious proved!

"Comal was son of Albion's isle,
A powerful hunter on her hills,
His deer drank of a thousand streams,
His dogs' loud bay each cavern fills;

"Mild was his face as early youth,
His hand, the death of heroes proved;
Brave Conloch's daughter fair he saw,
He saw, and when he saw, he loved.

"She was a sunbeam in his path,
Her hair was dark as raven's wing,
Her dogs were taught the warlike chase,
Graceful her bow was taught to spring.

"Young Comal won her artless heart,
Frequent their tender glances met,
Their course in the wild chase was one,
And oft in shady groves they sat;

“Dark Grumal loved the blooming maid,
The chief of gloomy Ardden he,
He watched her lone step on the heath,
Her light fair form and heart of glee;

“One day when wearied by the chase,
Young Comal led his faithful love
To a cool seat in Ronan’s cave,
His favourite haunt when forth he roved;

“Its sides were hung with warlike arms,
A hundred shields of thongs were there,
A hundred helms of sounding steel
Adorned its walls with martial care:—

“‘Thou light of Ronan’s lonely cave!
A deer appears on Mora’s brow,
I go, but I will soon return,
Rest here, my love, nor fear the foe.’

“He sought the deer on Mora’s brow;
The maiden fain his love would prove;
With armour round she clothed her sides,
Then forward strode to meet her love;

“He thought it was his mortal foe,
His throbbing bosom bounded high,
The colour fled his manly cheek,
And darkness dimmed his brilliant eye.

“He drew the bow, the arrow flew!
Galbina fell all steeped in blood;
He wildly ran and loudly called
On Conloch’s daughter through the wood;

“No answer in the lonely rock!
‘Where art thou? oh, my love so true:’
He saw at length her heaving breast
Beat round the arrow which he threw!

“‘Oh! fair Galbina! is it thou?’
He sank upon her bleeding breast,
The hunters found the hapless pair,
And laid her in the grave to rest.

“Long Comal walked the lonely hill,
Around the dwelling of his love,
At length the fleet of ocean came,
To calm his grief he vainly strove;

“He fought, and conquered on the field,
He sought for death in every land,
He threw away his dark-brown shield;—
An arrow laid him on the strand!

“He sleeps beside his murdered love!
At the noise of the sounding surge,
The grass waves o’er their lonely tombs
While the whirlwind chants their dirge.”

ARGUMENT TO BOOK III.

Cuthullin, pleased with the story of Carril, insists with that bard for more of his songs. He relates the actions of Fingal in Lochlin, and death of Aggandecca, the beautiful sister of Swaran. He had scarce finished when Calmar, the son of Matha, who had advised the first battle, came wounded from the field, and told them of Swaran's design to surprise the remains of the Irish army. He himself proposes to withstand singly the whole force of the enemy, in a narrow pass, till the Irish should make good their retreat. Cuthullin, touched with the gallantry of Calmar, resolves to accompany him, and orders Carril to carry off the few that remained of the Irish. Morning comes. Calmar dies of his wounds, and the ships of the Caledonians appearing, Swaran gives over the pursuit of the Irish, and returns to oppose Fingal's landing. Cuthullin, ashamed after his defeat to appear before Fingal, retires to the cave of Tura. Fingal engages the enemy, and puts them to flight, but the coming on of night makes the victory not decisive. The king, who had observed the gallant behaviour of his grandson Oscar, gives him advice concerning his conduct in peace or war. He recommends to him to place the example of his fathers before his eyes, as the best model for his conduct, which introduces the Episode concerning Fainasolis, the daughter of the King of Craea, whom Fingal had taken under his protection in his youth. Fillan and Oscar are despatched to observe the motions of the enemy by night. Gaul, the son of Morni, desires the command of the army in the next battle, which Fingal promises to give him.

Some general reflections of the poet close the third day.

BOOK III.

“SWEET are the words of tuneful song,”

Said Semo’s noble, blue-eyed son—

“I love the tales of other times,

I love to hear of battles won;

“They fall like dew upon my soul,

When morning streaks the east with gold;

Oh, Carril, strike the sounding harp,

And give us Selma’s song of old;

“That song which echoed through our halls

To please great Fingal, King of shields,

Who joyed to hear his father’s name

Ring with applause throughout our fields.”

Fingal, thou soul of battle! brave,

Thy youthful arm was trained to war;

Proud Lochlin proved its early strength,

And distant heroes wondering saw:

They smiled to see his blooming face

While death was in his powerful hand,

His warriors roared like thousand streams,

A strong, a valiant youthful band!

Great Lochlin's king they took in war,
And then, to him his ships restored;—
With pride his haughty soul was swelled,
And deep deceit was their reward!—

The mighty Fingal's arm alone,
Once overcame proud Lochlin's chief;
Revenge sat brooding o'er his soul,
And he had vowed the hero's death!

"Go, gray-hair'd Snivan," Starno said,
"Haste thee to Ardven's sea-beat strand,—
Tell Selma's king that he is fair,
'Mid thousands, none before him stand!"

"My daughter is the loveliest maid
That ever heaved a breast of snow,
Her arms are white as foaming waves—
Generous and warm her feelings glow;

"I'll give this treasure to his arms,
If he will come to Starno's Hall;
His bravest heroes in his train;
To grace our feast, invite them all!"

Snivan arrived at Selma's Hall,
The fair-haired Fingal welcome gave,
His kindling soul flew to the maid,
While swiftly bounding o'er the wave:

"Welcome," said Lochlin's dark-brown chief,
"Thrice welcome, rocky Morven's king!
Welcome his heroes, brave in fight!
Now let the joyful sports begin.

“Three days ye’ll feast within my halls,
Three days my bristly boars pursue,
Your prowess shall delight the maid,
Her secret sigh shall be for you!”

Starno designed their speedy death,
And gave the royal feast,
But Fingal kept his painful doubts
Confined within his breast.

He girt his arms of steel around
His tall majestic form,
Determined, let come weal or woe,
He would abide the storm!

The voice of sprightly mirth arose,
The trembling harps of joy were strung,
They praised the heroes of the land,
The heaving breast of love was sung!

Ullin, great Fingal’s bard, was there,
He sung the maid of Lochlin’s praise,
And Morven’s high descended chief,
The chorus to the skies they raise!

The maiden heard the lofty strain,
And left her hall of secret sighs,
In all her beauty forth she came,
With rapture beaming in her eyes.

Oh! she was fair as yonder moon,
When bursting from the eastern cloud,
Graceful her light elastic step;
She saw the youth amid the crowd,—

His was her bosom's secret sigh,
She blest the chief of Morven's lands,
Her stolen glances oft she threw,
While shrouded from their view she stands!

At length the third eventful morn
Shone bright on Starno's fields,
When forward moved dark Lochlin's chief,
And Fingal, king of shields;

Till noon they sported in the chase,
And Selma's spear was red with blood,
He paused to breathe his panting steed,
When by his side the maiden stood:

Her soft blue eyes were filled with tears,
With the sweet voice of love she came
To warn the hero of his fate,
And save her father's blasted fame:

"Oh, Fingal! high descended chief!
Trust not to Starno's heart of pride,
Within yon wood his warriors lie,
Prepared to spread destruction wide;

"But oh! remember, warrior chief,
Remember Aggandecca's love,
Oh! save me from my father's wrath!
And thus thy truth and virtue prove."

With unconcern the youth passed on,
His valiant heroes by his side,
The sons of death fell by his arm,
And freely flowed the crimson tide.

Before proud Starno's lofty halls
The bloody sons of chase convene;
"Bring hither," said the stormy king,
"The erring daughter of our queen;

"Bring Aggandecca to her love,
His hand is red with Lochlin's blood,
She is a traitress to our cause,
And she shall die for Lochlin's good!"

She came with red and tearful eyes,
She came with loosely flowing hair,
Her white breast heaved with broken sighs,
Her careless robes all speak despair!

Fierce Starno pierced her tender side;
She fell like snow-wreath from the rock!
Great Fingal eyed his warlike chiefs,
Who stood astounded at the shock!

Enraged, his warriors flew to arms,
The gloom of battle roared around,
The sons of Lochlin fled, or died,
And dreadful was the echoing sound.

Safe in his ship, sad Fingal closed
The relics of his murdered love;
Her tomb ascends on Ardven's plains,
The maid who died her faith to prove!

Here Carril ceased his mournful song—
"Blest be her soul!" Cuthullin said,
"And blessed be the mouth of song,
Which sounds the praises of the dead.

“ Strong was the arm of Fingal’s youth,
Strong doth his arm of age remain;
Lochlin shall fall before the chief,
When in his strength he comes again!

“ Oh, moon! arise from ’neath thy cloud,
And light his white sails o’er the wave,
Spirits who ride o’er heaven’s broad arch,
Preserve from harm the hero brave!”

Thus spake Cuthullin, chief of men,
At the sound of the mountain stream;
When Calmar, drenched in blood, appeared,
Trembling and slow he came;

Upon his bended spear he leaned,
His arm hung feebly at his side,
But strong the youthful hero’s soul,
For he was Erin’s boasted pride.

“ Oh, son of Matha!” Connal cried,
“ Thou’rt dearly welcome to thy friends,
Why heaves that sigh within thy breast?
Oh, tell us what thy grief portends?

“ Calmar, thou bravest of the brave,
Why tremble? speak! it is not fear?”
“ For me the pointed steel hath charms,
Which brighten more when danger’s near.

“ For I was bred in battle-field,
My valiant fathers never feared;
Cormar was first of all my race,
And danger’s post he ever shared;

“He sported through the stormy waves,
His black skiff bounded o’er the sea,
And travelled on the wings of wind,
Regardless what his fate might be!

“A spirit once embroiled the night,
Seas swell and echoing rocks resound,
Winds drive along the dark-browed clouds,
On fire-wings fly the lightning round!

“He feared, and hasted to the land,
Then blushed that he had feared at all;
Then rushed again among the waves—
Regardless of the threatening squall!

“Three youthful heroes guide the bark,
With sword unsheathed, he fearless stood,
And, as the low hung vapour passed,
He caught it curling on his sword!

“He pierced its bloodless form with steel,
The son of wind forsook the air;
The moon returned in glory bright,
And every star of night shone clear!

“Such was the boldness of my race!
Calmar is what his fathers were;
Danger will fly the uplifted sword,
They best succeed, who boldly dare!

“Listen, ye sons of Erin’s isle!
Retire from Lena’s heath of blood;
Collect the remnant of our friends,
And join great Fingal’s conquering sword;

"I hear the sound of Lochlin's arms,
Advancing through the silent night;
Oh! haste thee to the sea-beat shore,
I will remain and join the fight;

"My voice shall roar, as if a host
Of heroes were behind me cast,
But, Semo's son, remember me,
Remember Calmar to the last,—

"When Fingal's sword has won the field,
Oh, place me by some humble stone,
That future time may hear my fame,
And friends rejoice in my renown!

"Let Calmar's mother weep with joy,
When bards shall sound abroad my name;
And let her fond maternal heart,
Exult with pride in Calmar's fame."

"No, Calmar!" brave Cuthullin said,
"I will not leave thee here alone,
My joy is in unequal fight—
I'll shield thee when the battle's done.

"Connal, do thou and Carril go!
Take with you Erin's mournful sons!
And when the rage of war is past,
Search for our forms among these stones;

"For near this tall, this blasted oak,
My mind misgives me, we shall fall;
Here will the stream of battle pour,—
The tale will many a heart appal!

“Haste, Fithil’s son! with flying speed,
Haste and o’ertake the conquering chief,
Relate, to Fingal, Erin’s fall,
And bid him come to our relief!”

Morning is gray on Cromla’s hill,
And ocean’s sons ascend the height,
Calmar stood forth to meet the foe,
Pride kindling in his eye of light;

The youthful chief was wan and pale—
He leaned upon his father’s spear:
How will his noble mother grieve
The sad catastrophe to hear!

Lovely Aleletha! waning now,
With weight of sorrow and of years,
How will her bosom bear the blow?
In Lara’s Hall she sits in tears.

But slowly now the hero falls,
Like a tree blasted in the vale;
Firmly Cuthullin stands alone,
No fears his noble heart assail!

Now from the mist of ocean came
The white-sailed ships; great Fingal’s fleet:
Like some tall grove their masts appear,
The warriors loud their landing greet;

Swaran beheld them from the hill,
And hasted to annoy the foe,
While Erin’s lonely, mournful chief,
Is silent, and o’erwhelmed with woe.

Dragging his long and pointed spear—
Now bending, weeping, slow and sad,
Cuthullin sank in Cromla's wood,
And mourned his friends in battle dead;

The face of Morven's king he feared;
How could he meet that noble eye,
Which oft had glanced upon his form,
'Mid shouts of victory rising high?

“Where are the chiefs of Erin's race—
They that were cheerful in my hall?
No more I meet them on the heath;
No more they hear Cuthullin's call;

“Pale, silent, on his bloody bed
Now lies each much lamented friend;
Oh! spirits of the mighty dead,
To calm my soul your influence lend!

“Oh! come in clouds on the flying gale,
Speak to me in the breezes light,
When the rustling tree by Tura's cave
Re-echoes to the voice of night;

“There, Semo's son shall lie unknown,
Mourn, oh! Bragela, mourn me dead!
No bard shall sound my deeds in arms,
My light is quench'd, my fame has fled!”

Great Fingal in his mighty ship,
Stretched his bright lance beyond his head,
His flaming spear gleams in his hand,
And loud resounds his warrior tread.

The king beheld the bloody plain,
 " 'Tis past," he cried, " the battle's o'er!
Lonely and sad is Lena's heath,
 Mournful the distant ocean's roar;

" Low have the valiant hunters fallen!
 The son of Semo is no more;
Ryno, and Fillan, rise, my sons,
 And sound my horn from shore to shore!

" Ascend yon steep and rugged hill,
 And call the children of the foe,
Shout with your father's powerful voice,
 Oh, haste thee, Fillan! Ryno, go!"

Like lightning Ryno gleam'd along,
 Dark Fillan rushed like autumn's cloud;
O'er Lena's heath the notes resound,
 And Lochlin heard the echo loud!

Like the rough ocean's roaring tide,
 So dark, so sudden, and so strong,
Across the shore, with rapid stride,
 The sons of Lochlin pour along!

King Swaran in their front appears,
 In all the dismal pride of arms—
Wrath sits upon his scowling brow,
 The fire of rage his bosom warms;

Fingal beheld proud Starno's son;
 The thoughts of Aggandecca rose,
For Swaran, with the tears of youth,
 Had mourned his deep and early woes.

He sent the bard of tuneful song
To bid him to the feast of shells—
For pleasant on his sorrowing soul
The memory of his first love dwells.

Ullin advanced with aged step,
And spoke to Starno's haughty son:
"Oh thou! whose dwelling is afar,
In Fingal's mighty name I come!

"Come to the royal feast of shells,
And pass the day in peace and rest,
To-morrow's dawn shall view the fight,
And put our courage to the test."

"To-day!" said Starno's wrathful son,
" *To-day* we break the sounding shield,
To-morrow eve *my feast* I spread!
Fingal shall sink upon the field."

"To-morrow let his feast be spread,"
Said Fingal, with a scornful smile,
" *To-day* my own, my noble sons
We drive proud Swaran from this isle!

"Ossian, stand first near Fingal's arm,
Gaul, lift on high thy wrathful sword,
Brave Fergus, bend thy crooked yew,
And strike the foeman at the word;

"Let your broad shields like moonbeams shine,
Equal *my* deeds on battle plain,
Brandish your spears amid the foe,
And imitate your father's fame!"

'Twas as an hundred veering winds,
As the streams of a hundred hills,
As clouds successive fly o'er heaven,
As the wave the ocean fills;

So vast, so terrible the rush
Of the warriors on the heath,
Their dying groans spread o'er the hill,
Like the gathering cloud of death;

Fingal rushed on in all his strength,
Fierce as the spirit of the storm,
When whirlwinds tear the stately oaks,
To view his sons in battle form;

Now dimly through the moonbeams seen,
Largely he strides from hill to hill,
And powerful was my father's hand
Which this good sword aspired to fill!

He thought upon the days of youth,
He thought upon his murdered love,
He saw with pride his youthful sons
Who fiercely to the battle move;

Ryno was like a stream of fire,
Dark is the brow of valiant Gaul!
Fergus rushed forth with feet of wind,
And Fillan rose in stature tall;

Then Ossian's heart exulted high,
In the strength of his noble sire,
My sword gleam'd brightly in my hand,
My bosom glowed with fire;

My locks were not then gray with age,
And firm was this now trembling hand,
These darkened orbs then brightly shone,
Well could I wield the battle brand.

But how shall I describe the scene?
The deeds of heroes, how relate?
When Fingal, burning in his wrath,
Pressed Swaran on to meet his fate?

Groans swelled on groans, from hill to hill,
Till night in darkness veiled the scene,
When, like a herd of frightened deer,
On Lena's heath the foe convene.

We sat and heard the sprightly harp,
At the foot of Luba's gentle stream;
Fingal himself was next the foe,
And listened in the moon's pale beam;

Attentive, leaning on his shield,
Was seated woody Morven's king,
His gray locks floating on the breeze,
His warlike soul was on the wing;

Near him, upon his bended spear,
My young, my valiant Oscar stood,
His heart was warmed to Morven's king,
His noble deeds had fired his blood.

"Son of my son!" began the king,
"Beloved Oscar, pride of youth,
I saw the shining of thy sword,
And gloried in thy fame and truth;

“Pursue the path our fathers trod,
Be *thou*, my son, what *they* have been!
Trathal a train of heroes reared;
And Trenmor lived, the first of men!

“They fought the battle in their youth,
And bards have raised their names on high,
Courage and truth their actions swayed,
Their fame in arms shall never die!

“Oh, Oscar! bend the strong in arm,
But spare the feeble, helpless hand,
Be thou a stream of many tides
Against the foes of Erin’s land;

“But like the gale which moves the grass
To those who humbly ask thine aid,
Support the helpless and the weak,
Protect the injured and betrayed:

“So Trenmor lived, so Trathal died,
And such has Fingal ever been,
The injured foe my arm sustained,
And to the weak it proved a screen;

“Once; Oscar, I was young like thee,
My fame did Fainasolis bring,
That sunbeam, that mild light of love,
Daughter of distant Craca’s king;

“Few were the followers in my train,
For I had just returned from war,
When a white sail and boat appeared,
Tossing upon the waves afar;

“It neared the shore, we saw the maid,
Her white breast heaving with her sighs,
The wind sang through her dark, loose hair,
And sorrow filled her downcast eyes:

“‘Daughter of beauty,’ calm I said,
‘What sigh disturbs thy breast of snow?
Young as I am, can I defend
Thy matchless charms from reckless foe?’

“With sighs, she said, ‘to thee I fly,
Oh generous prince of mighty men,
To thee I fly, oh, lend thine aid!
A hapless maiden to sustain;

“‘My father, king of Craca’s Isle,
Owned me the sunbeam of his race,
Tall Cromla’s hills have heard my fame—
Slender my form and fair my face;

“‘Sora’s proud chief beheld me fair,
And would possess these hapless charms;
I fear his dark and stormy love,
It fills my bosom with alarms;

“‘His sword is as a beam of light
Upon the valiant warrior’s side,
But dark and gloomy is his brow,
And his fierce soul is filled with pride;

“‘I shun him on the roaring sea,
But he pursues my bounding bark,
Great king, protect me from his power!
Nor let his eye my footsteps mark.’

“ ‘Rest thou,’ I said, ‘behind my shield,
Here rest in peace, thou beam of light,
If Fingal’s arm is like his soul,
Your chief will safety seek in flight!

“ ‘In some lone cave I might conceal
Thy beauties, daughter of the sea,
The foe brave Fingal never flies,
His arm shall prove a shield to thee.’

“ I saw the tear upon her cheek,
I pitied Craca’s daughter fair,
When, like a dreadful wave, I saw
The stormy Borbar’s ships appear!

“ His masts high bending o’er the sea,
Behind their spreading sheets of snow,
White roll the waves on either side,
And high the boisterous north winds blow;

“ ‘Come thou,’ I said, ‘from ocean’s roar,
Thou rider of the stormy wave,
Partake the feast within my hall,
It is the home of strangers brave.’

“ With steady hand the bow he drew;
The maid stood trembling at my side;
Lifeless she sank upon the earth,
And freely gushed the crimson tide.

“ Borbar! unerring was thy hand,
But helpless was thy fallen foe,
A noble soul would scorn to lay
A weak, defenceless maiden low!

“We fought, nor weak the strife of death,
He sank beneath my vengeful sword;
We laid them in two tombs of stone,
The chief and maid whom he adored.

“Such were the deeds of Fingal’s youth,
And such be yours, my noble sons,
Never for conquest raise the sword,
Nor shun the battle when it comes;

“Fly swiftly, Oscar, Fillan, fly!
View Lochliu’s son across the heath,
I hear the distant sound of feet,
Thy come to meet the bloody death:

“Oh! let them not escape my sword,
Here Erin’s chiefs all bloody lie;
Low on their dark and silent beds,—
Revenge, revenge, for this they die!”

The heroes flew, like two dark clouds
Which bear along the forms of ghosts,
When air’s dark children sally forth
To fright the intruder from the coasts.

Firm as a rock stood Morni’s son,
The young, the noble, warlike Gaul!
Like shining stars his glittering spear,
His voice was like a waterfall.

“Hear, son of battle!” cried the chief,
“Fingal, thou king of shells, give ear,
Summon your bards of many songs
To soothe our souls, our spirits cheer;

“Great Fingal, sheath thy sword of death,
And let thy people fight thy cause;
We withering pass without our fame,
Our king alone obtains applause;

“When morning rises on our hills,
Do thou the fight at distance view,
Let Lochlin feel the sword of Gaul,
That bards may sing *his* prowess too!

“Such was the custom of our race,
Such was *thine own*, thou king of spears;
Oh! grant my boon, most noble chief,
When Lochlin on the plain appears.”

“Thou valiant chief,” the king replied,
“I glory in thy youthful fame;
Fight—but *my* spear shall be at hand
To aid thee, should'st thou need its flame;

“Raise, raise the voice, ye sons of song,
And lull my weary soul to rest,
Here will I lie amidst the wind,
My senses are by sleep oppressed.

“Oh, 'Aggandecca! art thou near
Among the children of thy land?
Or, if thou sittest among the masts
Of Lochlin, which now crowd our strand;

“Come to my dreams, my fair one, come;
Show me thy pale and lovely face,
Oh! let me view thy youthful form,
So full of beauty, full of grace!”

Many a voice, and many a harp,
Arose with sweet and tuneful sound;
They sung of Fingal's noble race,
Loud through the air the notes resound;

And, as the song was borne along,
Upon the breeze came Ossian's name,
For with the spear I often fought,
And strove to earn a deathless fame;

Now, blind and tearful, and forlorn,
Silent I walk with little men;
Fingal, thy great and warlike race
These eyes will ne'er behold again!

The wild roes feed on thy green tomb,
Thou woody Morven's mighty king;
Blest be thy soul, thou chief of swords,
Thy fame shall throughout Erin ring!

ARGUMENT TO BOOK IV.

The action of the poem being suspended by night, Ossian takes that opportunity to relate his own actions at the Lake of Lego, and his courtship of Eivir-allin, who was the mother of Oscar, and had died some time before the expedition of Fingal into Ireland. Her ghost appears to him, and tells him that Oscar, who had been sent at the beginning of the night to observe the enemy, was engaged with an advanced party, and was almost overpowered. Ossian relieves his son, and an alarm is given to Fingal of the approach of Swaran. The king rises, calls his army together, and as he had promised the preceding night, devolves the command on Gaul, the son of Morni, while he himself, after charging his sons to behave gallantly, and defend his people, retires to a hill, from whence he could have a view of the battle. The battle joins. The Poet relates Oscar's great actions. But when Oscar, in conjunction with his father, conquered in one wing, Gaul, who was attacked by Swaran in person, was on the point of retreating in the other. Fingal sends Ullin, his bard, to encourage him with a war song, but notwithstanding, Swaran prevails, and Gaul and his army are obliged to give way. Fingal, descending from the hill, rallies them again; Swaran desists from the pursuit, possesses himself of a rising ground, restores the ranks, and awaits the approach of Fingal. The king having encouraged his men, gives the necessary orders, and renews the battle. Cuthullin, who with his friend Connal and Carril his bard had retired to the cave of Tura, hearing the noise, came to the brow of the hill which overlooked the field of battle, where he saw Fingal engaged with the enemy; he being hindered by Connal from joining Fingal, who is himself upon the point of obtaining complete victory, sends Carril to congratulate that hero on his success.

B O O K I V .

Who comes with songs from yonder hill,
Like the bright rainbow on the heath?
It is the maid of the voice of love,
The white-armed daughter of our chief.

Oft hast thou listened to my song,
And oft the tear of beauty shed,
Dost thou advance to view the war,
Or hear the fame of Oscar spread?

My age is darkened with my grief,
Oh, when shall Ossian cease to mourn?
My years have been in battle spent,
Amid the roaring of the storm;

I was not always dark and blind,
Thou daughter of the hand of snow,
When I was Evir-allin's love,
My step was like the bounding roe!

The maid was noble Branno's pride,
She with the dark-brown flowing hair,
Her love, a thousand heroes sought,
But she refused their love to share;

For, graceful in her partial eyes
Was Ossian, noble Fingal's son,
For many were my deeds of arms,
And many battles I had won;

I went to make my suit of love,
Twelve of my warriors in my train;
The sons of stormy Morven they—
To Branno's friendly halls we came:

"From whence," he cried, "these arms of steel?
My daughter is not easy won;
Many have sought the dark-haired maid,
But blest be thou, oh Fingal's son!

"Did I possess twelve daughters fair,
Thine were the choice, thou son of fame,
Happy the maid who on thee waits,
For blessed is brave Ossian's name!"

He led us to the stately hall,
Where sat the tender blooming maid;
Joy kindled in our manly breasts,
While we our humble homage paid;

Above 'us, on the hill, appeared
The stately Cormac, famed in arms,
Eight were the heroes of the chief;
We fought for Evir-allin's charms;

Three times I broke on Cormac's shield—
Three times his spear he broke,
Alas, unhappy youth of love,
He fell beneath my stroke!

Who would have told me, lovely maid,
When thus I fought for thee,
That blind, forsaken and forgot,
Thy Ossian now should be?

The sound of music died away,
On Lena's gloomy heath;
The surly blast blew strong and loud,
'Twas like the voice of death!

My thoughts were on my youthful love,
When lo! she came before my sight,
Her blue eyes rolling in their tears,
She stood upon the cloud of night;

She feebly raised her gentle voice,
"Rise, Ossian, rise, oh! haste, begone!
Save noble Oscar, prince of men,
He fights with Starno's wrathful son."

She sank again into her cloud—
I covered me with shining steel,
My spear my hasty step supports,
My armour rang with dreadful peal;

I hummed, as I was wont to do,
The songs of days of other years—
Lochlin, like distant thunder heard,
And fled, enfeebled by their fears;

Oscar pursued them o'er the heath,
"My son," I called, "my son return!
Pursue no more o'er Lena's heath,
The fate which Ossian's soul would mourn."

“My father, why arrest my hand,
Till death had covered over the plain?
For dark and dreadful by the stream,
Now lie the bodies of the slain!

“Myself and Fillan were alone—
The foe have marked our deeds this night,
A few have fallen beneath our swords,
The rest advance in all their might;

“As the night wind the ocean heaves,
Over the white and sandy shore,
So dark advance proud Lochlin’s host,
O’er Lena’s heath they loudly roar;

“The ghosts of night shriek from afar,
Bright meteors shoot athwart the sky!
They come! the messengers of death,
We’ll boldly fight, but scorn to fly;

“Let me awake the sleeping king!
He smiles when danger stalks around,
His brow is like the beaming star,
When clouds and storms the skies surround.”

Fingal’ had started from a dream,
And leaned on mighty Trenmor’s shield,
The hero in his dream was blest,
There Aggandecca stood revealed;

From ocean’s winding way she came,
And slowly moved o’er Lena’s heath,
Dark were her tears, and pale her face,
Alas! it bore the stamp of death!

Her robe was as the clouds of heaven!

And oft she waved her shadowy hand
O'er Fingal's form, then turned her eyes
In silence back toward Lochlin's land.

"Why weeps fair Aggandecca thus?"

Said Fingal with a deep drawn sigh,
"My love, ah! why so pale that face?
Thou lonely wanderer of the sky:"

She vanished on the passing breeze,
She left him in the midst of night;
Her people's helpless sons she mourned,
Who were to fall by Fingal's might;

The hero started from his rest,
Still he beheld her in his soul—
At Oscar's fast approaching step,
He strove his feelings to control:

The gray shield of the youth he saw
As the faint beams of morning rose,—
"How fares the war? does Lochlin fly?
Oh, haste to tell me of our foes!

"Wait they the battle of our steel—
Or, do they fly through ocean's wave?
I hear their voices on the breeze,
And we must haste the fight to brave;—

"Fly over Lena's heath, my son,
And wake our sleeping friends,
We must prepare the foe to meet,
Who on our plains descends."

Thrice, Fingal raised his awful voice:
The affrighted deer ran o'er the plain;
The firm rocks trembled at their base,
As on the thundering echo came!

'Twas like the noise of many streams
That burst and roar the woods among,
'Twas like the gathering tempest-clouds
Borne by the stormy gale along:

"Come to the battle," said the king,
"Children of Selma's echoing Hall,
Come to the death of thousand foes,
Fingal will stand and view their fall;—

"My sword shall wave on yonder hill,
Your safeguard in this mortal fray!
I trust its aid you will not need
While Morni's hero leads the way;—

"Great Gaul, the chief of mighty men,
Shall lead the sons of battle on;
His powerful arm shall crush the foe,
And raise his name in future song;—

"Descend! ye ghosts of heroes dead,
Ye riders of the stormy cloud!
Receive my falling men with joy,
And let your mist their forms enshroud!

"May they be wafted by the blast,
Over my dark-blue stormy seas!
Visit me in my silent dreams,
Delight my soul in every breeze!—

“Fillan, and Ryno, fight like men!
And, Oscar of the dark-brown hair,
Advance with firmness to the fight,
The son of Morni's fame to share;—

“Let his example be your guide,
Behold the deeds his hands perform,
Your father's faithful friends protect;
Succour the helpless 'mid the storm—

“Though you should fall on Erin's fields,
My children!—we again shall meet,
Our pale, cold ghosts shall soon unite,
And, in yon skies, hold converse sweet.”

Now like a dark and stormy cloud,
With heaven's red lightning edged around,
Flying before the morning beam,
The King of Selma left the ground;—

Terribly light his armour shone,
Two spears are in his aged hand;
His gray hair floats upon the wind,
And oft he turns to view the band;

Three bards attend the son of fame,
His mandates to the chiefs to bear,
High on tall Cromla's side he sat
And raised his long sword in the air;

And, as that sword of lightning waved,
We onward to the battle moved;
Joy rose in youthful Oscar's face,
For he the scenes of battle loved;

His cheek is flushed, his eye upraised,
His sword is as a beam of fire,
His valiant heart was beating high
When thus the youth addressed his sire:

“Oh! Ossian, ruler of the fight,
My father, hear thy youthful son,
Retire with Morven’s mighty chief,
Till I’ve the fame of Ossian won;

“If here I fall upon this plain,
Remember, sire, yon mourner there,
The lonely sunbeam of my love,
Toscar’s white-handed daughter fair!

“Methinks I see her from the rock,
Her soft hair round her bosom flies,
With red cheek bending o’er the stream
She pours for me her anxious sighs;—

“Tell her, I wander on my hills
A lightly bounding son of wind;
Tell her, that on a cloud I sail,
Searching her lovely form to find.”

“Raise, Oscar, rather raise my tomb!
I will not yield the war to thee—
The first and bloodiest in the strife,
My arm shall teach the foe to flee:

“Forget not, oh! my much loved son,
To place this sword, this bow, this horn
Within that dark and narrow house
Whose mark is one gray stone forlorn!

“I leave no love unto thy care,
My Evirallin is no more!
Her lovely form now sleeps in death
Upon the rocky sea-beat shore.”

Such were our words, when Gaul's loud voice
Came growling on the whistling blast,
His father's sword he waved on high,
The tide of war was rising fast!

As waves come bubbling o'er the deep,
As rocks of Ooze meet roaring waves,
So Erin's sons met Lochlin's chief;
So foes attacked and found their graves;—

Man met with man, and steel with steel,
Shields sound, and warriors bleeding fall!
'Twas as a hundred hammers' clang—
So rose their swords, 'twas carnage all!—

Gaul, like a whirlwind rushed along!
Destruction on his fiery sword;
Swaran was like a rushing fire,
As o'er the bloody plain he roared;—

How can I give their deeds to song—
Oh! how describe the deadly fight?
My sword rose high, and flamed in blood,
But death nor blood our souls affright;

Oscar, my best, my greatest son,
Thou didst rejoice my secret soul!
Thy sword is flaming o'er the heath,
While death and carnage round thee roll!—

They fled amain across the plain,
We quick pursued and slew,
As stones that bound from rock to rock,
So swift our weapons flew;

As thunder rolls from hill to hill,
With dismal, hollow, broken peal,
So blow succeeded mortal blow,
And death to death from Oscar's steel;

But Swaran closed round Morni's son
As the strength of the roaring tide,
The king half rose upon the hill—
His spear flamed at his side;—

“Go, Ullin, go, my aged bard!”
Said woody Morven's fearless king,
“Remind the mighty Gaul of war,
And of his father's valour sing;

“Music enlivens flagging war,
Let the loud harp support the fight;”
With steps of age tall Ullin went,
His songs their drooping souls delight;—

“Son of the Chief of generous steeds,
High bounding king of bloody spears,
Strong arm in every dangerous toil,
The son of Morni never fears!—

“Chief of the pointed arms of death,
Cut down the proud and haughty foe,
Let no white sail bound round our shores
When stormy gales from ocean blow;

“With thunder let thine arm be clothed,
Thine eyes like beams of liquid fire,
Be thy heart form’d of solid rock,
Remember, Gaul, thy noble sire!

“Whirl round thy sword like meteor bright!
Lift thy broad shield, a flame of death;
Cut down, destroy the haughty foe,
Oh! leave not one on Lena’s heath.”

The hero’s bounding heart beat high:—
Fierce Swaran with the battle came,
In twain he cleft the shield of Gaul,
The sons of Selma fled the plain;

Fingal at once arose in arms,
And thrice he raised his dreadful voice,
High Cromla echoed back the sound,
His chieftains trembled at the noise!—

They bent their faces to the earth,
Ashamed their aged king to meet,
With stately, measured steps he came,
Resolved proud Lochlin to defeat;—

Swaran beheld his warlike form
And halted midway in his course,—
Silent he leaned upon his spear,
His fiery eye had spent its force;

Stately and tall, the hero stands
Like the strong oak near Lubar’s stream,
Whose branches long had blasted been
In the fierce lightning’s fiery beam:

Brave Fingal, like a light from heaven,
Shone in his mournful people's eyes,
His heroes gather round his shield
And loud resound the battle cries:

"Raise, warriors, raise my standards high,
Let them spread wide on Lena's wind,—
Like flames upon a hundred hills
To animate our sinking mind;—

"Oh! Oscar of the future wars,
Ye sons of Morven all attend!
Ossian, thou king of many songs,
Be near my arm, prompt to defend."

We reared the standard of our king,
The sun-beam floated in the breeze,
Each hero's heart with joy was filled,
As high it waved among the trees:—

"Behold," said Fingal, "view those troops!
Confusion reigns among the foe,
They stand like broken clouds of Heaven,
Their spears like passing meteors glow;

"Let every chieftain in our band
Select a troop of those dark men,
Nor let a son of echoing groves
E'er bound on Erin's waves again."

"Be mine," said Gaul, "the seven bold ships
That came from Lena's stormy lake;
On Inistore's dark frowning king
Let Oscar his fierce vengeance slake."

“Blest, and victorious be my chiefs,”
Said Fingal while his gray locks shook,
“Swaran, thou king of roaring waves,
Fingal himself thy sword shall brook!”

Now like a hundred different winds,
That pour thro’ many different vales,
The sons of Selma sally forth
And each his chosen troop assails;

Oh, how shall I relate the scene
We witnessed ere the strife was closed,
Or tell how many, pale in death,
Upon the bloody heath reposed?

Oh, powerful were our hands, sweet maid;
The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell,
Bright victory o’er our standard waved,
Each chief performed his promise well;

Oh! thou hast seen the setting sun
Slowly retire behind his cloud,
Night gathering round the mountain’s brow
While autumn’s blast roared long and loud;—

The thunder rolled in heavy peals,
The rain at length poured down in streams,
The lightning glanced upon the rocks,
And spirits rode on fiery beams!

Such was the battle’s dreadful din,
Thou maiden of the arms of snow,
But why, my daughter, why that tear?
Tears from the maids of Lochlin flow.

The people of their country fell,
My heroes' swords stained with their blood,—
Oh, weep for me, forlorn and blind,—
Vanished is every earthly good!

Give me thy tears, thou tender heart,
My dear companions mouldering lie,—
Feeble and helpless here I sit,
Oh! maiden, give to me thy sigh!

'Twas then, by Fingal's mighty hand,
A valiant son of Lochlin fell—
He raised his dying eyes to heaven,
The king of Morven knew him well:

“And hast thou fall'n, mine ancient friend?
Has Fingal's hand then dealt the blow?
And thou wast Aggandecca's friend,
Thine eyes have wept the maiden low;

“Oh! I am grieved that by *my* hand
Thou should'st have found a bloody bed,
For thou hast been the mortal foe
Of those who laid her with the dead;—

“Raise, Ullin, raise great *Mathon's* grave!
Name *him* in Aggandecca's song;
Oh! she was dear to Fingal's heart,
His love was faithful, deep and strong!”

From Cromla's cave Cuthullin heard
The din of war, the sound of spears,
He called to Connal, brave in fight,
And Carril, bard of other years:

The gray-haired heroes heard his voice,
And shook their pointed spears,
They saw the tide of battle roll:—
Cuthullin dried his tears;

His soul was kindled at the sight,
Dark was his frowning brow,
His hand is on his father's sword,
His red eye on the foe!

Thrice he essayed to join the war,
And Connal stayed him thrice;
“Oh, Chieftain of the Isle of Mist!
Take Connal's sage advice;—

“Great Fingal now subdues the foe,
Seek not to rob him of his fame,
For he is like the stormy tide,
His valour Lochlin cannot tame!”

“Go, Carril, go,” replied the chief,
“And greet the mighty king of spears;
Say, that should he require my aid
'Tis known Cuthullin never fears;—

“When he has conquered Lochlin's chief
And all his army falls away,
When the fierce battle scene is past
Cuthullin will his homage pay;—

“Sweet in his ear shall be my voice,
I'll praise the king of Selma high!
Give him great Cathbat's sword of might,
His fame shall ring through earth and sky!

“But I am humbled to the dust,
My father’s arms I dare not raise;
Come, all ye wandering ghosts of air,
And soothe me with your mournful lays!

“Be near Cuthullin’s wandering steps,
Talk to him in his lonely cave;
No more shall my renown arise
’Midst warriors in the battle brave!

“I was a beam that brightly shone,
A transient mist, a morning cloud;
My light is quenched, my spirit broke,
Henceforth these walls my form shall shroud;

“Oh! Connal, talk no more of arms!
Departed is my warlike fame,
My sighs shall rise on Cromla’s wind
When quite forgotten is my name;

“But thou, Bragela! lonely maid!
Thy hapless hero’s fate shall weep,
Vanquish’d, I’ll ne’er return to thee,
In Tura’s cave my form shall sleep!”

ARGUMENT TO BOOK V.

Cuthullin and Connal still remain on the hill. Fingal and Swaran meet: the combat is described. Swaran is overcome, bound, and delivered over as a prisoner to the care of Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni. Fingal, his younger sons, and Oscar, still pursue the enemy. The episode of Orla, a Chief of Lochlin who was mortally wounded in the battle, is introduced. Fingal, touched with the death of Orla, orders the pursuit to be discontinued, and calling his sons together, he is informed that Ryno, the youngest of them, is slain. He laments his death: hears the story of Lamderg, and Gelchossa, and returns toward the place where he had left Swaran. Carril, who had been sent by Cuthullin to congratulate Fingal on his victory, comes in the mean time to Ossian. The conversation of the two Poets closes the action of the fourth day.

BOOK V.

CONNAL, from Cromla's echoing side,
The sad Cuthullin thus addressed:
"Oh! son of Semo, why that gloom?
Thy useless grief must be suppressed;—

"Our friends are terrible in war,
And thou, a hero of renown!
Thy arm hath spread destruction wide,
Brave men have quailed beneath thy frown;

"The fair Bragela oft has met
Her hero from the battle plain,
Her blue eyes wet with tears of joy
That he in triumph came again;

"The blood-stained sword she fondly viewed,—
Red with the gore of slaughtered foes,
And pleasant to her ears the harp,
When in the song thy deeds arose;

"Behold, Cuthullin, Morven's king
As a fiery pillar moves along!
Strong, as fair Lubar's rushing stream,
Or wind thro' echoing Cromla borne."

Happy the nation thou dost rule,
Oh Fingal! wise, and valiant king—
Happy the warriors who partake
That fame which future bards shall sing!

But who is he so dark and grand
Comes in the thunder of his course?
Who but proud Starno's haughty son,
Behind him all his warlike force;

Behold the battle of the chiefs!
'Tis like the storm the sailor braves,
When spirits fierce in wrath contend,
Which shall possess the rolling waves.

The mighty clang of arms is heard,
Dreadful the battle rages round—
In twain are cleft their dark-brown shields,
Their steel flies broken on the ground;

Each to his hero's grasp doth rush
And round their sinewy arms they bend,
They turn from side to side and strain,
And wide their spreading limbs distend!—

But when their pride of strength arose
They shook the high hill with their heels,—
Rocks tumbled headlong from on high,
Trees are uprooted in the fields!

At length the strength of Swaran fell!
The king of groves is strongly bound,
And Fingal gives a strict command
That guards the prisoner shall surround;

For he is strong as Lochlin's waves—
His hand was early taught to war,
His race is ancient, and renown'd;
Secure him well with strength and care!

“Thou first of heroes, valiant Gaul,
And Ossian, king of songs, attend;
His grief to joy, oh! strive to raise,
For he was Aggandecca's friend!

“But fly, ye children of the race!
Pursue the foe o'er Lena's plain—
Let no tall ship hereafter bound
On Inistore's dark rolling main!”

Sudden they flew across the heath,
While slowly moves *his* stately form,
Like thunder o'er the sultry plain,
Silent and dark, before the storm;

He marched toward a lonely chief,
His sword was as a sunbeam bright,
Before his fiery eyes it waved
Like streaming meteor of the night!

Who is that man so dark and sad,
At the rock of the roaring stream?
He cannot bound across its course—
A noble chief, 'twould seem!—

“Youth of the dark-red flowing hair,
What tidings dost thou bring?
Art thou a foe to Fingal's race?”
Said woody Morven's king—

“A son of Lochlin I,” he cried,
“And powerful is my arm in fight;
My spouse sits weeping at our home,
But Orla ne’er shall bless her sight.”

Said Fingal, “dost thou fight, or yield
To this, my powerful arm!
Foes do not conquer where *I* stand,
And thee I would not harm;—

“Be thou my friend, and follow me—
Pursue my fleet and bounding deer,
Partake my goodly feast of shells,
Be thou my friend, and share my cheer.”

“No,” said the hero, “Fingal, no!
My strength is with the weak in arms,
My sword has ever been unmatched,
For valour’s fire my bosom warms;

“So let the king of Morven yield.”
“Orla, I never yield to man!
Then draw thy sword if thou wilt fight,
And choose thy foe amongst my clan.”

“And does the king refuse to fight?”
Said Orla of the dark-brown shield;
“Orla is match for Fingal’s sword,—
I fight *him* only in the field!

“But, king of Morven, should I fall,
For every chief must one day die,
Oh! raise my tomb upon this plain—
And, generous Fingal, raise it *high*!

“And o’er the dark-blue rolling wave,
To her he loves send Orla’s sword,
That she may tell her youthful son,
Whose soul shall kindle at the word.”

“Son of the mournful tender tale,
Why thus awaken Fingal’s grief?
Death is the certain doom of man,
Whose longest term of life is brief;—

“The hero in the battle falls,
While widows mourn their lonely fate,—
Children and youths, with pride and love,
Their fathers’ valiant deeds relate:

“The arms hang useless in the hall
Which gleam’d like lightning on the foe,
No more the warrior through his ranks
Makes seas of blood around him flow:

“Fair Orla, thy tall tomb shall rise,
And tower above each common tomb:
Upon thy sword thy spouse shall weep,
Thy son lament thy hapless doom.”

On Lena’s bloody heath they fought,
Feeble the arm of Lota’s son,
The sword of Fingal cleft his shield,
It fell, and glittered as the moon!

“Oh! generous Fingal!” said the chief,
“Haste, end thy work, and pierce my breast!
My weary spirit longs to fly
And find a lasting place of rest;—

Bloody and wounded, from the fight
I dragg'd my feeble, fainting frame;
Deserted by my dearest friends,
All weak and lonely, Orla came!

"Oh! lift once more thy friendly steel
And lay me in my silent tomb,
The tale will grieve my widow'd love,
To whom my ghost will often come;

"How will her heart sustain the blow
When she receives the mournful tale?
My son will weep his father's fate,
And both will long my loss bewail."

"Orla," the noble Fingal cried,
"I cannot slay so brave a foe—
On Lota's bank there meet thy love,
From Selma's power in safety go:

"In peace, go greet thy gray-hair'd sire!
Perhaps his eyes are blind with age—
And let the music of thy voice
The anguish of his heart assuage."

"But he will never hear that voice,"
Feebly the fainting chief replied—
"Beneath my belt are mortal wounds,
Here on these plains my woes subside!"

From 'neath his belt the dark blood pours,
And pale upon the heath he falls,
And Fingal, bending o'er his corse,
In tears his youthful heroes calls:

“Oscar, and Fillan, hear my words!
Come, raise the tomb of Orla high,
Here let the dark hair'd hero rest—
Far from his spouse with tearful eye;

“Here in his narrow house he sleeps
Far from his love; in Lota's Hall
His faithful dogs are howling round,
Waiting to hear their master's call;

“Oh! fallen is the valiant arm,
The mighty son of war is low!
Exalt the voice, and blow the horn,
In music let our sorrow flow!

“To Swaran let us all return,
And send the night away in song,—
But Ryno, that young son of fame,
To greet me why delay so long?”

“Ryno,” said Ullin, first of bards,
“Rests with his fathers' awful forms,
The youth is low, the youth is pale,
On Lena's heath exposed to storms.”

“Oh! thou wert swiftest in the race!”
Exclaimed the mourning king,
“The first to bend the stately bow:—
Thy fame our bards shall sing;

“Why, Ryno, art thou gone so soon?
But softly be thine early sleep,
Soon shall my soul unite with thine,
Where heroes have no cause to weep;

“ Oh! Ryno, thou art low indeed,
Thou hast not yet received thy fame!
Come, Ullin, strike the tuneful harp,
And sound aloud his youthful name;

“ Farewell! thou first in every field,
No more shall I direct thy dart—
Oh! thou wert fair, my noble son,
And dear unto this aged heart.”

The big tears flowed in copious streams
Adown the manly hero's cheek,
His heaving bosom told the grief
His mourning tongue refused to speak:—

“ Whose fame is in yon dark green tomb?”
Inquired the aged, sorrowing chief;
“ Four mossy stones the story tells
Of some brave hero's passage brief;

“ They mark the narrow house of death,
Near it let youthful Ryno rest!
Let him be neighbour to the brave,
No more by bloody war oppress'd.

“ Here lies some fallen chief of fame,
To fly with him let Ryno come,—
Oh! Ullin, raise the songs of old,
Awake their memory in the tomb;

“ If in the field he never fled,
My son reposes by his side,
Far from his own, his native woods,
We make his tomb, who was their pride.”

Then spoke the bard of Selma's Halls,

“Here doth a valiant warrior rest!

Lamderg is silent 'neath this turf,

His fame by distant lands confessed;

“Oh! who, soft smiling from her cloud,

Shows me her pale and beauteous face?

And why, loved daughter, tell me why

Sleep'st thou with foes in this lone place?

“Thousands have sought thy youthful love,

But Lamderg was thy chosen chief,

He flew to Tura's mossy towers,

And thus he put his questions brief;

“‘Where is Gelchossa, where's my love?

Noble Tuathal's daughter fair—

I left her in this stately hall,

She said ‘I'll wait thy coming, here;’

“‘But why not haste to meet me, love?

Thy Lamderg has returned to stay—

Come, gently soothe my weary soul,

For I am sick of battle fray;

“‘How silent is my Hall of joy!

I see not fair Gelchossa's form—

My bard is silent at my gates,

Bran gives me not his welcome warm;

“‘Where is Gelchossa, where's my love?

She, who on Lamderg sweetly smiled;’

‘Hero,’ replied a youthful chief,

‘She hunts the deer, in forest wild!’

“ ‘ Ferchios!’ he in amazement cried,
 ‘ No sound is in the silent wood—
 No panting dog pursues the deer,
 In haste to draw his vital blood;

“ ‘ Gelchossa moves not on those hills,
 I cannot see her beauteous form—
 My love is fairer than the moon,
 When she appears before a storm!

“ ‘ Go, Ferchios, go, to Allad speed!
 And do not my impatience mock,
 He may of bright Gelchossa know,
 The gray-haired sire of yonder rock.’

“ The son of Aidon went, in haste,
 And communed with the ear of age—
 ‘ Oh! thou who tremblest here alone,
 Oh say! what scenes thine eyes engage?’

“ ‘ I saw,’ replied the aged man,
 ‘ Ullin, the son of Cairbar, pass,
 He came in darkness and alone,
 His voice was like the surly blast;

“ ‘ He entered Tura’s stately Hall—
 ‘ Lamderg,’ he said, ‘ thy powerful arm
 Must crush strong Ullin to the earth
 Or yield to him life’s sweetest charm.

“ ‘ Ullin,’ replied the maiden mild,
 ‘ My Hero is not here—
 He fights Ulfadda in the vale!
 A stranger he to fear.’

“ ‘ Oh, thou art fair,’ he grimly cried,
‘ I’ll carry thee to Cairbar’s Halls,—
Three days on Cromla I will wait
Lamderg’s return to Tura’s walls.’

“ ‘ Allad,’ replied the youthful chief,
‘ Peace to thy dreams within the cave!
Haste, Ferchios, blow my sounding horn
And let the breeze my banner wave!’

“ Now Lamderg, like a roaring stream
Ascended Tura’s rugged hill,
He hummed a war-song as he passed,
Its echoes every cavern fill;

“ Like a dark cloud before the wind
He stood upon the mound,
He rolled the signal stone of war,
Grim Ullin heard the sound.

“ He took his aged father’s spear,
His dark face lighted by a smile,
He placed the sword upon his side,
His dagger in his hand the while;

“ Gelchossa saw the silent chief
Like wreath of mist ascend the hill,
She struck her white and heaving breast,
And her dark eyes with sorrow fill.

“ ‘ Cairbar, thou hoary Chief of shells,
On Cromla I must bend the bow,
I see the dark-brown flying hinds,
Gelchossa to the chase must go.’

“ In vain she hasted up the hill,
Why should I the sad tale relate?
The gloomy heroes fought and bled,
And instant death was Ullin’s fate!

“ All weak and pale the maid advanced—
‘ Oh! what, my love,’ she trembling cried,—
‘ Lamderg, what means this gush of blood
Which streams adown thy warrior side?’

“ ‘ Thou fairer than the drifted snow,
’Tis Ullin’s blood,’ the chief replied,
My limbs are weary, here I’ll rest;’
Then feebly bowed his head, and died!

“ ‘ And dost thou sleep so soon on earth?
My Lamderg’s is a bloody bed;’
Three days she thus bemoan’d her love,
The fourth mourn found her cold and dead!

“ The hunter raised this tomb so tall,
’Tis over a hero’s breast,
Thy son, oh king! should here repose,
And gentle be his rest.”

“ And here my valiant son shall rest!”
Fingal in haste replied,
“ Their fame is pleasing in mine ears,
Oh, place him by their side!

“ The youthful Orla hither bring,
Lay him too by the hero’s side;
Equal to Ryno in the field,
His valour was by Fingal tried;

“Daughters of Morven! weep his fate,
Ye maids of winding Lota, weep,
For they have fallen like towering oaks
When winds across the desert sweep;

“Oscar, thou chief of every youth,
Thy weeping eyes have seen their fall,
Be thou like them renown’d on earth,
And like them, die at honour’s call!

“Their forms were terrible in war,
But calm in peace was Ryno’s soul,
He, like the rainbow of the storm,
Shone mildly, ’mid the thunder’s roll;

“Rest here! thou youngest of my sons;
Oh, Ryno! rest on Lena’s heath!
Warriors one day must surely fall,
But thou hast met an early death.”—

Deep was thy grief, thou king of swords,
When low on earth thy Ryno lay,
But oh! thy grief was small to mine,
Now, *thou* art mingled with the clay!

Thy distant voice no more I hear
On Cona’s lone and echoing hills,
Forlorn I sit beside thy tomb
While grief my aged bosom fills;

My eyes no more behold thy form,
That noble form from earth has passed,
And when I think I hear thy voice
’Tis but the roaring of the blast!

Now with his warriors Fingal sleeps,
That mighty ruler of the war—
His ghost is riding on the storm,
The warrior hears his voice afar!

On Lubar's soft and flowering banks
Ossian and Gaul with Swaran stood,
To please the king I touched the harp,
And strove to chase his gloomy mood!

He roll'd his red eye toward the plain,
And frowning knit his darkened brow,
The hero mourned his conquered host,
He mourned his bravest chieftains low.

I raised mine eyes to Cromla's brow,
The son of Semo met my gaze!
Slowly and sad he moved along
Like a dark cloud in Luna's rays;

He saw victorious Fingal come,
And mixed with joy his heavy grief,
The sun shone brightly on his steel,
And stately looked the mournful chief;

The rugged rock which forms his cave
Is close beside the roaring sea,
Its sides the foaming ocean laves,
And o'er it bends one shady tree;

'Tis here the chief of Erin sits,
And mourns o'er his departed fame;
He ponders on his battles lost,
His cheeks are wet with tears of shame!

Bragela's absence now he mourns,
Too far remote to cheer his soul;
His fancy wanders o'er her charms—
Would she were near him to console.

Who cometh with those locks of age?
'Tis Carril, son of tuneful song!
"Carril of other times, all hail!
Why tarries Semo's son so long?

"Carril, thy voice is like the harp
Which hangs in Tura's stately Halls,
Thy words are pleasant as the shower
When o'er the sunny field it falls."

"Ossian, thou mighty king of swords,"
Cuthullin's aged bard replied,
"Thou best can raise the cheerful song,
Thou dost in peace and war preside.

"Long have I known thee, noble chief,
Oft touch'd the harp within thy hall!
Thy voice has often joined with mine
At lovely Evirallin's call!

"One eve of Cormac's love she sung,
While tears stood in her dark-blue eyes,
For sometimes, wafted on the breeze,
Her strains were sweetly heard to rise;

"He was the youth who died to gain
The beauteous Evirallin's love;
Her soul was melted with his fate,
For she was gentle as the dove!

“ Among a thousand beauteous maids,
Oh! she was fairest of the fair,
Throughout the land not one was found
With Branno’s daughter to compare.”

“ Oh! Carril, cease,” I mournful said,
“ Her form is now to earth consigned,
My soul is melted at thy tale,
Bring not her memory to my mind;

“ But sit thou on the heath, oh! bard,
And let us hear thy cheerful voice,
'Tis pleasant as the gale of spring
Which doth the hunter’s ear rejoice!”

ARGUMENT TO BOOK VI.

Night comes on. Fingal gives a feast to his army at which Swaran is present. The king commands Ullin, his bard, to give the song of peace; a custom always observed at the end of a war. Ullin relates the actions of Trenmor, great grandfather of Fingal, in Scandinavia, and his marriage with Inibaca, daughter of King Lochlin, who was ancestor to Swaran, which consideration, together with his being brother to Aggandecca, with whom Fingal was in love in his youth, induced the king to release him, and to permit him to return with the remains of the army into Lochlin, upon his promise of never returning to Ireland in a hostile manner. The night is spent in settling Swaran's departure, in songs of bards, and in conversation, in which the story of Grumal is introduced by Fingal. Morning comes—Swaran departs—Fingal goes on a hunting party and finding Cuthullin in the cave of Tura, comforts him, and sets sail the next day for Scotland, which concludes the Poem.

B O O K V I.

THE clouds of night come rolling down,
And darkness rests on Cromla's steep,
The stars arise o'er Erin's wave,
Reflected in the troubled deep;

A rising wind roars through the wood,
Silent and dark is Lena's vale,
When Carril's tuneful voice arose,
Borne swiftly on the passing gale;

He sung of days and years gone by,
On each loved friend the minstrel dwells,—
Those who on Lego's banks convened
And sent around the joy of shells;

Tall Cromla answered to his voice,
Ghosts were seen bending from their clouds
Listening with joy to notes of praise
Which from the harp re-echoed loud;

Thou ridest now on eddying winds,
Oh! Carril, blessed be thy soul!
How oft in fancy 'mid the night
I hear thy strains of music roll;

Oh that thy spirit could descend
At midnight; in that lonely hour
'Tis said, the spirits of the dead
To soothe our grief alone have power;

I often hear my harp-strings sound
When it hangs on the distant wall,
Its echoes waken all my grief,
I mourn each hero's fall!

Now, on green Mora's shady side
The chieftains gathered to the feast,
A thousand oaks are blazing high,
Whose light their festive joys increased;

The cheerful strength of shells goes round,
Joy brightens in each warrior's soul,—
All but fiery Lochlin's gloomy king,
Whose eyes of pride in silence roll!

He often turned toward Lena's heath,
In sad remembrance of his fall,
While Fingal rested on his shield,
His stately form erect and tall!

His gray locks waved upon the wind,
And glittered in the beams of night,
The king of Lochlin's grief he saw,
His soul was mournful at the sight;

“Raise, Ullin, raise the song of peace!
And soothe my troubled soul to rest,
I'm weary of the din of arms,
Music will give the feast a zest!

“Come, let a hundred harps resound,
To cheer the king of Lochlin’s heart,
None ever sad from Fingal go,
And Swaran must with joy depart;

“Oscar, the lightning of my sword
Is ever ’gainst the strong in fight;
When warriors yield, it peaceful lies,
Its unstained blade a beam of light!”

The mouth of song then touched the harp—
“Great Trenmor lived in other days,
He bounded o’er the dark-blue seas,
Towards Albion’s hills his course he lays;

“The lands of Lochlin and its groves,
Its high rocks, and its murmuring sounds
Through the thin mist attract his eye,
As o’er the wave his vessel bounds.

“He landed, and pursued the boar
That roar’d through Gormal’s shady wood,
Hundreds before its wrath had fled,
But Trenmor’s spear now drinks its blood!

“Three chiefs beheld the mighty deed,
And told the tale to Lochlin’s king—
How like a pillar firm he stood,
While his strong arm the arrows fling!

“The king of Lochlin spread the board,
And bade his friends the feast prolong,
He feasted in their windy towers
’Mid shells of joy, and bards of song:

“Trenmor was brave in single fight,
No hero would with him compare;
Three days their songs of joy went round,
And Trenmor's fame resounded there;

“Now, when the fourth gray morn arose,
He walked along the silent shore,
His tall and stately ship he launched
And loudly called the blast to roar!

“While thus engaged a youth appeared
Cover'd with arms of shining steel,
Red was his cheek, and fair his hair,
His brow like snow on Morven's hill.

“Mild rolled his blue and smiling eye
As he addressed the king of swords,
‘Stay, Trenmor, stay, thou first of men,
And listen to my earnest words;—

“‘Though thou hast fought with valiant men,
Thou hast not conquer'd Lonval's son!
My sword hath often met the brave,
And wisdom doth my arrows shun.’

“The chief replied, ‘thou fair-haired youth,
With Lonval's son I will not fight,—
Too feeble is thy slender arm,
Instant retire, thou sunbeam bright!’

“‘*I will* retire,’ the youth replied,
‘But it must be with Trenmor's sword,
I'll go exulting in my fame,
Thy conqueror, by each maid adored;

“ ‘Oh! they shall sigh with sighs of love,
And my long spear shall be admired,
Thousands shall view its glittering point,
And ask how I such fame acquired!’

“ ‘Thou never shalt possess my spear,’—
The angry king of Morven cried,
‘Thy friends shall find thee on the shore
And weep that thou so early died.’

“ ‘I will not lift the heavy spear,’
The beauteous youth replied,
‘But with this light and feather’d dart
I’ll pierce thy manly side;

“ ‘Throw down that heavy coat of mail,
From death thou’rt shielded well!
But first I’ll lay these trappings off,’—
The clattering armour fell!

“ The heaving of her breast he saw,
He saw her blushing face,
He knew the sister of the king,
So full of youth and grace!

“ The spear fell from his trembling hand,
He bent his red cheek to the ground,
She was to him a beam of light,
Which shed its radiance all around;

“ ‘Great chief of Morven’s windy wood,’
The maiden said, with arms of snow,
‘Here let me rest within thy ship,
From Corlo’s sight I fain would go;

“ ‘ He loves in all the gloom of pride,
For me he shakes ten thousand spears,—
Dreadful the thunder of his love!
It fills my gentle soul with fears.’ ”

“ ‘ Dear maiden, rest thee here in peace,
Secure behind my father’s shield,
Although he shake ten thousand spears,
Your love to him I’ll never yield!’ ”

“ Three days he waited on the shore,
And sent abroad his sounding horn,
Loudly he called on Corlo’s name,
From setting sun till early morn!

“ But Corlo came not to the fight,
Though Lochlin’s king in state descends
And feasts upon the roaring shore,
Surrounded by his valiant friends;

“ To Trenmor’s arms he gave the maid,
All blushing in the pride of youth,
Who bore her to his shady woods,
The seat of valour and of truth.”

Said Fingal to the moody king,
“ Thy blood is flowing in my veins,
Our fathers oft in battle met
To try their strength upon our plains.

“ And oft they feasted in the hall,
And sent around the joyful shell;
Oh! let thy face with gladness beam—
Let future bards the story tell,

“How thou hast poured thy valour forth
Dread as the storm on thine own sea,
Thy voice has sounded through our vales,
And great in war thy fame shall be!

“Rest here this night;—to-morrow, raise
Thy white sails to the flying wind,
Thou brother of my murder’d love!
That tie, alone, our souls shall bind!

“Bright as the beam of noon she comes
To soothe my ever mournful soul,
My anguish for her early loss
No battle scene could e’er control.

“I spared thee in proud Starno’s Halls,—
To thee, I knew the maid was dear—
Amid a host of slaughtered foes
I spared thee — and repressed the tear!

“The combat which thy fathers gave
To Trenmor, I will give to thee,
That thy renown, when thou art gone,
E’en as the setting sun shall be!”

“Oh! king of Morven’s valiant race,”
Said the chief of the dark-brown shields,
“Swaran with thee will never fight,
Thou pride of battle-fields!

“I saw thee in my father’s halls,
Few were thy years beyond my own;
When shall I, said my haughty soul,
Lift spear like noble Comhal’s son?

“ Oh! warrior, we have fought before
On shaggy Malmor’s rugged head;
My waves conveyed me to thy hall,
Where feast of thousand shells was spread;

“ Many of Lochlin’s youthful sons
Now silent, press yon bloody plain,
Who once conveyed those stately ships
In pride across the foaming main.

“ Oh! Fingal, noble king, take these,—
And be the conquered Swaran’s friend,
And when thy sons to Gormal come
We will the feast of shells attend!”

“ No ship,” the generous monarch said,
“ Shall Fingal take, nor lands, nor hills;
The desert is enough for me,
Which with its deer my valley fills!

“ Rise on thy waves, my noble friend!
My love to Swaran ne’er shall cease,
Spread thy white sails to morning’s beam;
Return to Gormal’s hills in peace.”

“ Blest be thy soul, thou king of shells,”
Said Swaran of the dark-brown shield,
“ In peace, thou art the gale of spring,
In war, the storm that wastes the field:

“ Now let our hands in friendship join!
And let thy bards mourn those who fell,
Let Erin bury Lochlin’s sons,
And high-raised tombs their story tell;

“ That, when the children of the north
Hereafter may behold the spot,
The hunter ’mid his sport may pause
And say—‘ ’twas *here* our fathers fought!”

“ In future times our names shall live
And our renown shall never die;”—
“ Great Swaran;” Fingal mildly said,
“ Our fame like mountain mist shall fly!

“ *To-day*, we’re mighty on the earth,
But like a dream we pass away!
No sound of war within our fields,
Our memories, with our tombs decay!

“ The hunter shall not know the place
Where Fingal and great Swaran fought,
Our names in song no more will rise,
Our strength hath fled, and we are naught.

“ Oh! Ullin, Carril, ancient bards!
Sing to us heroes that are gone,
Give us the tales of other years
And send the night away in song!”

We gave the song of other days,
A hundred voices loudly rise,
The face of Swaran brightly glowed
Like the full moon in evening skies,

When clouds have vanish’d from her face,
And leave her calm, and broad, and high,
To spread her brightness o’er the Heavens
While travelling through the midnight sky.

“But, tell me, Carril,” Fingal cried,
“What of the noble Semo’s son?
Oh! has he like a fallen star
To Tura’s dreary cavern gone?”

“Cuthullin,” thus replied the bard,
“Now lies in Tura’s gloomy cave;
His hand is on his sword of strength,
His thoughts on battle of the brave.

“Oh, mournful is the king of spears!
Unconquered he in war till now,
By me he sends a hero’s sword,
For thou hast vanquished Erin’s foe.

“Oh, place it by thy warrior side,
It long has graced a hero’s hand!
But now, departed is his fame,
In battle he no more shall stand!”

“No, Carril, no,” replied the king,
“Cuthullin’s sword I cannot take,
It well becomes his valiant arm:—
That noble spirit must not break!

“Though vanquished, he is noble still,
And high the hero’s fame shall rise,
And, like the sun from ’neath the cloud,
Shall brightly beam amid the skies!

“Young Grumal was a valiant chief,
He sought the war on every coast,
The din of battle pleased his ear,
And scenes of carnage were his boast;

“On Craca’s coast his warriors poured,
He met the king in solemn hour,—
For, within Brumo’s circle, he
Consulted the great stone of power!

“The brave in battle fiercely fought
For Craca’s daughter, young and fair,
Her praises rang throughout the land,
And heroes paid their homage there.

“Grumal had vowed to gain the maid,
Or die on echoing Craca’s plains:
Full long they strove in mortal fight;
Grumal at length was bound in chains!

“Far from his friends, far from his home,
The horrid circle closed him round,
Where oft ’tis said the ghosts of night
Howled round the stone, and darkly frowned;

“But after that he brightly shone,
His fame was as the light of Heaven,
The mighty fell by his right arm,
And from the field his foes were driven.”

“Come, sound the harp, ye bards of old!
Oh! raise the praise of heroes high,
My soul would settle on their fame,
Till Swaran’s sadness passes by.”

The bards reclined upon the heath—
At once a hundred voices rose!
They sung the deeds of other times
’Till Swaran’s mournful bosom glows.

When shall I hear their songs again?
The harp is silent on those walls!
Low are the mighty! hushed the bards
Whose voices echoed through our halls.

Morn trembles on its eastern beam,
And glimmers on high Cromla's side,
When loud is heard the echoing horn
To summon men, once Lochlin's pride.

The sons of ocean gather round,
And sad they rise upon the wave,
The blast of Erin fills their sails,
Which float aloft like banners brave:

"Call all my dogs, ye sons of chase!
Fillan and Ryno, sound the horn!
My Ryno sleeps, alas! in death,
He greets no more the vernal morn!

"Fergus, and Fillan, blow the horn,
And joyful let the chase arise,
Let the deer start from Cromla's hill,
And let our echoes reach the skies!"

Shrill the horn sounded through the wood,
And a buck fell at Ryno's tomb!
The father's grief was all renewed,
He mourned young Ryno's early doom:

"Behold! how peaceful 'neath the stone
Lies he, who was the first in chase!
Thou shalt no more arise, my son!
Who in the field will fill thy place?

“Thy tomb will soon be lost from sight,
The rank grass o’er thy breast shall wave,
The sons of feeble men shall pass
And not discern the warrior’s grave;

“Children of Morven, let us rise!
And go to Erin’s mournful son;—
And are *these* Tura’s stately walls?
The seat of many a battle won?

“Lonely, and gray, these towers arise,
And sadness reigns within the walls!
’Tis here the hero sits and weeps
The fame departed from his halls.

“Fillan, is that a stream of smoke?
The wind of Cromla dims my eyes;
Or is it sad Cuthullin’s form?
The great, the valiant, and the wise.”

“Father, it is Cuthullin’s form,
Gloomy and dark the hero comes,
Upon his sword his hand is placed—
Hail! bravest of green Erin’s sons!”

“Hail to thee, woody Morven’s king!
To Morven’s valiant sons all hail!
Thy presence cheers my withered soul
As the warm sun, the blossoms pale;

“Thou’rt like the moon on Cromla’s hill,
Thy sons like stars attend thy course,
This friendship bows my stubborn soul,
And thanks from my proud heart must force!

“ It was not thus when last we met,—
Fingal, I then a victor came;
I fought the wars in Morven’s land,
And distant kingdoms own’d my fame!”

“ In words, Cuthullin doth abound,”
Said Con-nan; man of small renown,
“ But where, oh! chieftain, are thy deeds?
Where are the wonders thou hast done?

“ Why did we come o’er ocean’s wave
Thy feeble, helpless arm to aid?
At ease thou liest within thy cave
While Con-nan’s arms the battle staid!

“ Resign to me those arms of light,
Yield them, thou chief of Erin’s Isle!”
With scorn Cuthullin raised his eye,
“ *No coward hands my arms defile.*

“ No hero ever sought my sword;
I fled not to this gloomy cave
Till Erin failed at all her streams,
And low were all her chieftains brave!”

“ Con-nan,” said Fingal, “ cease thy words,
Youth of the feeble, helpless arm!
Cuthullin is renowned in war,
His valour can e’en cowards warm.

“ Widely has spread thy brilliant course,
Thou stormy chief of Inisfail!
Raise now thy white sails on the sea
And tell thy love thy mournful tale;

“Bragela leans upon her rock,
Her eyes are filled with tender tears,
Her long hair waves upon the breeze,
Her heaving breast proclaims her fears;

“She listens in the breeze of night
To hear the sound of distant oars,
Vainly she tries thy harp to hear,
While loud around the ocean roars!”

“Long will she listen there in vain,
Cuthullin never shall return,—
Can I behold Bragela’s face,
And see that face with anguish burn?

“Fingal, in former battles I
A victor to Bragela came!
Conquered I never can return
To tinge her glowing cheek with shame.”

“Hero, thou shalt victorious be,”
Said Fingal, of the joyful shell,
“Thy fame, Cuthullin, shall extend,
And future bards thy deeds shall tell;

“Thou shalt fight many battles, chief!
And many battles thou shalt win;
Come hither, Oscar, spread the feast,
And let the joy of shells begin!”

“We sat, we feasted, and we sung,—
The soul of brave Cuthullin rose,
His arm resumed its wonted strength,
His manly heart forgot its woes.

Carril, and Ullin, raised the voice,
I sung of battles of the spear,
Battles where I have often fought,
Though now I sit in darkness here:

Thus passed the night away in song,
With joy we hail'd the morning light;
Fingal arose upon the heath,
And shook his spear all shining bright!

“Haste, spread the sail,” he loudly said,
“We'll seize the winds before they sleep;”
We rose upon the wave with songs,
And bounded o'er the foaming deep!

T H E E N D .

